

# The TATTLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXXIV. No. 2394

London  
May 28th, 1947



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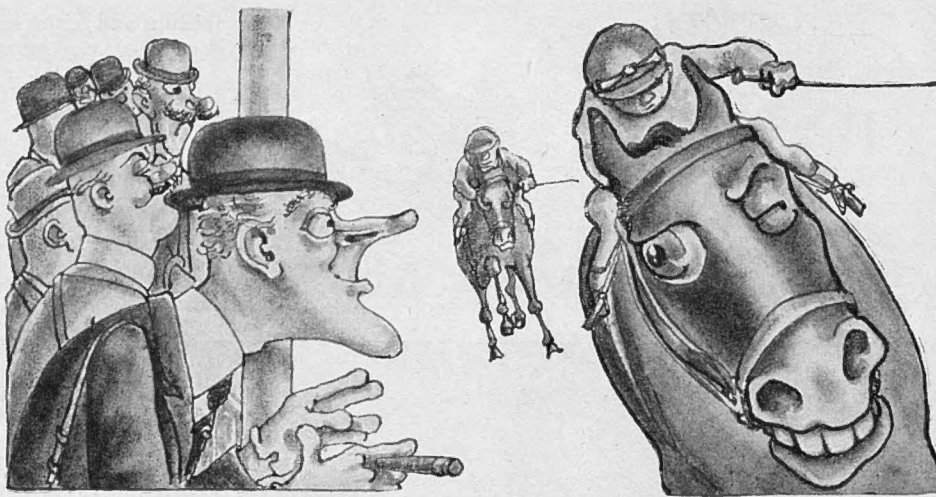


F. J. Goodman

PRINCESS GEORGE GALITZINE

Princess George Galitzine photographed with a cast of her head by Uli Nimptsch the Continental sculptor. She is the daughter of Major-General Baron Sir Rudolph Slatin Pasha, of Sudan fame, and her husband Prince George Galitzine, late Welsh Guards, is directly descended from Peter the Great through his mother. They have three children, Caroline, Alexander and George, who was born last December





Decorations by Wysard

Sean Fielding

## Portraits in Print

I WISH to speak about the Derby in particular and some matters connected with horses in general; fortunately I am precluded by the ethics of my profession from here stating my fancy for the great race at Epsom. In a sense, this is a pity for there is no doubt whatsoever in my mind that the beast which carries my money will indeed be first past the post and that I shall be a substantial gainer; but it is the prerogative of colleague Sabretache, good Sabretache, blue-eyed, gentle Sabretache, to help readers in this matter and it were improper for me to steal even one faint and distant roll of his thunder.

Nevertheless, I take it as permissible for me to say *why* (among other reasons) I have gambled as I have. Here then: it came to my ears that a certain trainer holds, as do I, to an ancient superstition. The manner of it is that upon St. Stephen's Day a horse should first be well galloped and then copiously let blood, thus insuring that no disease shall attack it during the year.

My inquiries had, naturally, to be pushed along cautious lines before I was satisfied that Trainer X had in fact done correctly by the ritual—which, it may be added, goes back to the Danes. Not more than a week ago, the confirmation came. He'd done it; and down went my money. It was slapped upon the table with a noise that will seem but a whisper when set against the howls of anguish which will issue from the lush lips of my bookmaker on settling day. Ah! how that man will writhe. Already I see his trembling hands, his damp brow, his blood-shot eyes.

It is but a moment before he will speak in halting voice of his many children, his sick

mother, his renegade brother who must be kept in expensive idleness on the beaches of some distant land lest he return to bring shame upon the family name. He will pluck nervously at his collar, complaining of the heat of the day and the dicky state of his heart. His gold fob will swing like a pendulum of doom across the broad acres of his centre spread. But I shall be hard. The pound of flesh must be delivered and shall be so, were he never so tearful or his pleas for mercy never so finely couched.

Oh! what a beautiful morning; oh! what a wonderful day.

### Misused Proverb

ALL of which (in what I grant is a somewhat tortuous manner) brings me to speak of Thomas Hobson of Cambridge, that celebrated university carrier whose principal source of income was horses and who was a greater man than you or I, friends, since he—dead these three hundred years—is forever in the English language with “Hobson's choice.”

I hold the old man's memory dear, as did Milton. It is not, I think, generally known that the poet honoured Hobson with a couple of epitaphs. They are longish affairs and thus not wholly suitable for printing here.

Hobson's father was a carrier himself and left Thomas a cart and eight horses. Upon this slender foundation he built up a fine business and a fortune. The bulk of his profit in the early days came from carrying letters, which the University of Cambridge licensed persons to do, before and after the introduction of the post office system. He is said, also, to have been the first person in the kingdom who

let horses for hire, and the scrupulous pertinacity with which he refused to allow any horse to be taken from his stables except in its proper turn made him a character and, later, a celebrity. If the horse he offered to a customer was objected to, he curtly replied, “This—or none.” Thus—“Hobson's choice; this or none.”

Steele had something to say about the proverb (for such it must now be considered) in the *Spectator*. He held it to be “by vulgar error taken and used when a man is reduced to an extremity, whereas the propriety of the maxim is to use it when you would say, ‘There is plenty, but you must make such a choice as to not hurt another who is to come after you.’” He lived in Cambridge, and observing that the scholars rid hard, his manner was to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once without going from college to college to borrow. By his rule of taking the horse which stood next the stable-door every customer alike was well served according to his chance and every horse ridden with the same justice.”

John Payne's print of old Hobson represents him in a cloak, ruffle and broad-brimmed black hat, grasping a vast bag of money, and underneath are these lines:

Laugh not to see so plainé a man in print,  
The shadow's homely, but there's something  
in't.

Witness the Bagg he wears (though seeming  
poore),

The fertile Mother of a thousand more:  
He was a thriving man, through lawful gain.  
And wealthy grew by warrantable faime.

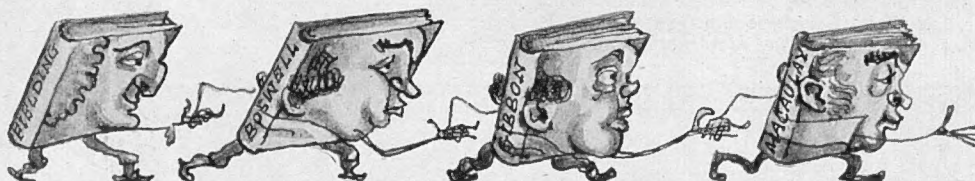
Men laugh at them that spend, not them  
that gather,

Like thriving sonnes of such a thrifty Father.

### Radical Bluestocking

YOUR correspondent was recently fortunate enough to buy an extremely handsome set of Macaulay's *History of England* with Memoir and Portrait, published in 1865 by Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts & Green. In respect of the Memoir: it is stated, “This Memoir was written at the request of the President (Sir B. Brodie) and some members of the Council, for the Annual Journal of the Royal Society. Should a more full and copious biography of Lord Macaulay, at any future time, be thought advisable, this brief sketch will at once cede its place. . . .” Charming sentiments, delightfully phrased—but what of that other Macaulay's *History of England*? Must no mention ever be made of it? Perhaps not, in the same breath; I should like to hear friend D. B. Wyndham Lewis on the subject, for all that. Failing his erudite pen, it can surely do us no great harm to consider this earlier historian for a space.

She was the daughter of John Sawbridge, a gentleman living at Ollantigh, near Wye, Kent, where she was born in 1733. From girlhood she was an avid and promiscuous reader, favourites with her being (she says): “The histories which exhibit liberty in its most exalted state in the annals of the Roman and Greek Republics.” At twenty-seven she married Dr. George Macaulay, a London physician, and was soon gabbling pretty freely among circles which shook visibly at the vehement citation of her republican ideals. Better to ram home the point she set about writing her *History of England*, from the accession of James I to the elevation of the House of Hanover. Flattery





and abuse fell upon her. Her adversaries said she was horribly ugly (which she was not) and that in despair of admiration as a woman she was aspiring after glory as a man. Dr. Wilson, a son of the Bishop of Sodor and Man, made her the present of a house and library in Bath worth £1,500, and to the scandal of her enemies—and some others—placed her statue in the chancel of St. Stephen's, Wallbrook, London, of which he was rector.

### Deflating The Doctor

ONE of her heartiest admirers was my favourite sparring partner, Jack Wilkes, and in the popular furore for "Wilkes and Liberty" her *History* greatly profited. It seems also that she several times crossed Dr. Johnson's path and on at least one occasion smartened the sage up somewhat. Thus:

*Dr. Johnson: You are to recollect, madam, that there is a monarchy in Heaven.*

*Mrs. Macaulay: If I thought so, sir, I should never wish to go there.*

Not bad, not bad, not at all bad; but did she, I wonder, realize the mortal danger of crossing the wheezing, leathern-lunged old twelve-bore?

One day at her house he put on a grave face and said, "Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable

proof, madam, that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, well-behaved fellow-citizen—your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us."

I cannot trace her reply to this typically impudent misstatement of her beliefs, which is a considerable pity—and a cause for some sadness in my heart which is ever a-bursting with love for a witty woman, the more so should she be a soncy one as well.

### For Your Diary

May I call attention to a couple of affairs of general interest? On June 2 there is to be at the Albert Hall a reunion of the men who fought in Burma. The chairman of the committee is an old friend, Major-General E. C. Mansergh, C.B.E., M.C., and the patrons are Admiral Sir Arthur J. Power, C.B.E., K.C.B., C.V.O., General "Bill" Slim, G.B.E., K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., and Air Marshal Sir W. Alec Coryton, K.B.E., C.B., M.V.O., D.F.C. On June 4, also at the Albert Hall, there is to be a Derby Ball, the proceeds of which will go to the Royal Armoured Corps Memorial Benefit Fund. Tickets for this cost thirty shillings (includes a buffet supper), and they can be obtained at the usual agents, from the Albert Hall, from the R.A.C. Benevolent Fund, 30 Grosvenor Square, W.1, and from Lynford-Joel Promotions, Ltd., 17 Cavendish Square, W.

Georgie Bilainkin.

## VISITING MIDDLE EAST

**LYDDA, PALESTINE.**—An alluring scent from the orange groves lining splendid asphalt avenues is the first thing that strikes the visitor who, a short time previously, had sweltered in the harsh desert around the British-occupied strip of the Suez Canal. Boyish British soldiers, aged about nineteen, wearily examine the dozen varieties of identity cards at the endless barbed wire fences. The region is being combed for terrorists.

On the road to the austere headquarters of the G.O.C.-in-C., south Palestine, Major-General R. Nelson Gale, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., my four armed soldier guards in escorting jeep and staff car glanced steadily into passing omnibuses. In the tidy, trim vehicles sat harmless-looking Jews and Arabs, typical inhabitants of a tiny country of 10,000 square miles which yields milk and honey but cannot secure peace. Lydda, where a recent census showed nine Jews among the 17,616 inhabitants, is near Tel-Aviv, whose 155,277 residents include 154,620 Jews. And Gale's name has appeared in thousands of cables for many weary months, coupled with the endeavours of his soldiers to keep order.

**L**ANKY, more serious than when we first met in the calm of a Salisbury hide-out in 1943, Gale is assured of a place in military history thanks to his command of the Sixth Airborne and the D-Day glider landings in France. By the age of ten he had travelled 30,000 miles. Between the wars he spent seventeen years in India. He climbed the Pir Punjo range in the Himalayas, hunted the Delhi hounds in Delhi, and read scholarly books.

Now, perhaps because of the ingenuity with which Gale's tactics are changed daily and even hourly, outrages continue on a reduced scale. His First Division's watchfulness in north Palestine induced the authorities to request him to look after the southern territory, where 300,000 of Palestine's 600,000 Jews are concentrated.

Life in Lydda is not amusing, for Gale has not had one day off in the past six months. He lives in a modest caravan, and over tea and biscuits confessed to the receipt of neatly, sensitively written notes of commendation by Field Marshal Montgomery. (Gale studied secretly in London with crammers to ensure entry into his chosen career, which was not his father's.)

He frankly likes Jews and Arabs. I think Arabs and Jews like Gale. I watched him in his office with a Rabbi and young son. The atmosphere was that of a match-player's discussion over a muffed stymie at the crucial turn.

**A**s we chatted I thought of the striking contrast Gale provides with another of our war-in-peace ambassadors, Lieut.-General Sir Charles W. Allfrey, G.O.C., Egypt, who numbers among his dinner-table friends the smiling, brilliant and implacable F. M. Nokrashi Pasha, Premier of Egypt. Allfrey, who laughs heartily, and tells a story magnificently, left the Navy after Dartmouth on account of eye trouble. From the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, he went to the R.A., and at twenty-one commanded a battery in France.

Big game shot in India, small game shot in Iraq, he was in the winning team in the inter-regimental polo at Hurlingham in 1927. He likes sailing, golf, enjoys the close confidence of many Egyptians, and is determined that soldiers should have pyjamas, sheets, "decent" feeding conditions. I fancy Allfrey in more important diplomatic posts, when the uniform goes.



Lieut.-General Sir Charles W. Allfrey, G.O.C., Egyptian Zone



## MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL IN PARIS

Mrs. Winston Churchill talking to Mme Vincent Auriol, wife of the French President, during the dinner at the Elysée Palace which followed the presentation of the Médaille Militaire, the highest French war honour, to Mr. Churchill. The ceremony, which was accompanied by great pageantry, was performed by M. Paul Ramadier, the Premier





## SHOW GUIDE

### Straight Plays

**Jane** (Aldwych). Comedy from Somerset Maugham's short story, with Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire, Irene Brown and Charles Victor.

**The Man from the Ministry** (Comedy). Very slick topical comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

**The Guinea Pig** (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

**The White Devil** (Duchess). Robert Helpmann and Margaret Rawlings in a magnificently acted and produced revival of Webster's tragedy.

**We Proudly Present** (Duke of York's). Most entertaining satirical comedy by Ivor Novello on backstage life, with Phyllis Monkman, Ena Burrill, Mary Jerrold and Peter Graves.

**Power Without Glory** (Fortune). Real life thriller with psychological angle and first-rate performances from all members of the cast.

**Born Yesterday** (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

**The Eagle Has Two Heads** (Globe). Jean Cocteau's drama with magnificent performances by Eileen Herlie as the queen of a remote country, and James Donald as her lover. This is theatre in the grand style.

**Present Laughter** (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling satirical comedy for a twelve-weeks season, with Noel Coward and Joyce Carey in their original parts.

**The Winslow Boy** (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Allenby and Frederick Leister.

**Oak Leaves and Lavender** (Lyric, Hammersmith). Sean O'Casey's new poetic fantasie set in a country house during the Battle of Britain, with Mary Hinton and Sheila Sim.

**The Old Vic Theatre Company** (New) in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *The Alchemist* and *Richard II* with Sir Ralph Richardson, Nicholas Hannen, Margaret Leighton and Alec Guinness. Last two weeks.

**Tess of the d'Urbervilles** (Piccadilly). The Bristol Old Vic Company with Wendy Hiller, Hugh Burden and William Mollison.

**The Play's the Thing** (St. James's). Molnar's amusing comedy with Clive Brook, Michael Shepley and Claud Allister.

**My Friend Lester** (St. Martin's). Richard Bird, Linden Travers, and Charles Goldner in a murder mix-up, with some very funny moments.

**Now Barabbas** (Vaudeville). Brilliant acting in this moving and original play about prison life.

**Worm's Eye View** (Whitehall). Ronald Shiner and Jack Hobbs are in this entertaining comedy about R.A.F. men who have billet trouble.

**Clutterbuck** (Wyndham's). Basil Radford, Naunton Wayne, Gabrielle Brune and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

**Twelfth Night** (Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park). Produced by Robert Atkins with Mary Honer and Kynaston Reeves.

### With Music

**Bless the Bride** (Adelphi). C. B. Cochran's new musical operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivien Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

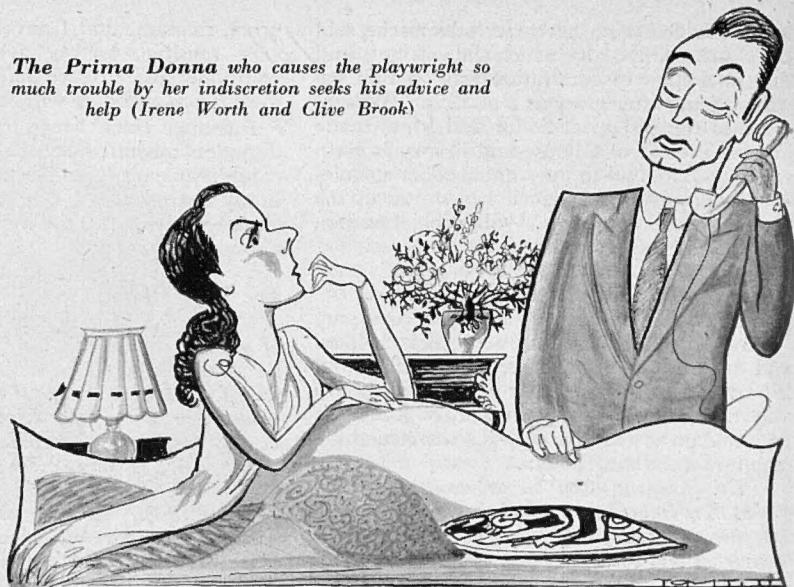
**Sweetest and Lowest** (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

**Oklahoma!** (Drury Lane). This American musical play has everything. It is tuneful, decorative and moves with typically transatlantic speed and smoothness. It also has an all-young and enthusiastic cast.

**Perchance to Dream** (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

**Piccadilly Hayride** (Prince of Wales). Sid Field and a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear. **1066 and all That** (Saville). Leslie Henson and Doris Hare in a much modernized and renovated revival of the humorous skit on England down the ages.

*The Prima Donna who causes the playwright so much trouble by her indiscretion seeks his advice and help (Irene Worth and Clive Brook)*



Sketches by  
Tom Tit



# At the

*"The Play's The*

Is it possible that a private wager lies at the back of this revival?

Molnar's comedy, one would have supposed, belonged to the Lost Legion of plays. As long ago as 1928 Gerald du Maurier and a highly talented company put it on at the St. James's Theatre. It met with a politely mixed reception and a brief run. This was not Molnar's first defeat in London, and it seemed to show decisively that his particular brand of whimsy was not to our taste.

But something or somebody lately induced Mr. Clive Brook to re-examine the old failure, and though it is inconceivable that the thing struck him as a neglected masterpiece there would seem to have been something in it which put him into that heroic state of mind which prefers its hopes forlorn.

HEAVY though the odds against him might be, he would pit his urbanity against the play's lack of substance and demonstrate that even the most brittle of whimsicalities presented with smiling good sense can become relishable entertainment. If Mr. Brook did make some such bet with himself, he would seem to be in a fair way to win it. The comedy succeeded in the provinces; succeeded again at Hammersmith; and now on the very stage where sentence of death was passed upon it demands with blithe confidence reversal of judgment.

Naturally it is not quite the same comedy. The original three acts have been compressed into two; many tiresome little flaws, such as Dornitschek's repetitive tendency to think his name funnier than it is, have disappeared; and something has happened to the perilous play within a play which is the climax of the story. Mr. Michael Shepley has happened to it. He carries off its thin humours with a capital piece of fooling.

*Sandor Turai (Clive Brook), a kindly playwright who saves a romantic situation from complete disaster by writing a play on the spur of the moment*

YET the opening is scarcely less perilous than the close. Molnar, with an ingenuity which is now tediously familiar, takes the audience into his confidence, setting his hero—a popular





*Almady (Michael Shepley) a well-known actor, who has to act as if his life depended on it, Mell, the Count's harassed secretary (Claud Allister), Mansky, the play collaborator (Paul Demel) and Albert Adam (Ian Lubbock), the jealous young composer*

## Theatre

### Thing" (St. James's)

playwright—to wonder over an after dinner cigar how he and his companions could possibly be turned into a play. Here the pleasant urbanity of Mr. Brook keeps the stage brightly alive, and all is well.

Then, as you may remember, something happens. A youth very much in love with a famous actress finds himself at two in the morning beneath the open fanlight of his fiancée's bedroom door. He overhears her extremely rash conversation with Almady, her leading man, and rushes away in despair.

The playwright has also been an unwilling eavesdropper, and he hits upon an ingenious way of consoling the heart-broken youth. He sits up all night to write the play which Ilona and Almady shall afterwards pretend they have been rehearsing. All that remains is for the youth to attend the faked rehearsal in the morning and bit by bit to receive the delusion that is for the good of his soul, the soul of Ilona and, incidentally, the soul of the outrageous Almady.

It was, I think, the fatuity of this play within a play that wrecked the comedy when it was last at the St. James's, for while it is in progress the principal actor, then du Maurier and now Mr. Brook, is almost a demobilized spectator. The actress has little to do except suggest a charming anxiety, which Miss Irene Worth manages very well, and the minor diversions, skilfully as Mr. Claud Allister contributes to them, are not very helpful.

BUT these are no longer fatal weaknesses. Mr. Shepley, the actor struggling with complicated French titles and a rebellious vanity as he mocks his own folly on the mimic stage at the direction of the malicious playwright, gets so much unforced fun out of the scene that it now appears the best thing of the evening. Delightfully as Mr. Brook imposes the rest of the piece upon us, it is just as well, for the sake of the possible bet, that he had Mr. Shepley up his sleeve.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



*Ilona Szabo (Irene Worth) is engaged to the young composer, but it is her friend the versatile playwright who snatches him for her from the pit of disillusion*

## BACKSTAGE



WHEN Eileen Herlie finishes in *The Eagle Has Two Heads* and completes filming as the Queen in *Hamlet* she hopes, before venturing in a new play, to pay her first visit to New York in order to survey the theatrical scene and perchance to find something there to suit her. But whatever happens it is unlikely that she will be seen in a new stage part until next spring.

"My dream," she told me, "is to appear in a season of contrasting plays. Comedy interests me tremendously and so does such a play as Strindberg's *Dance of Death*, but I should like to do some Shakespeare and a Greek tragedy. You see, I like a big canvas, a part of great humanity and warmth."

Few young actresses have so quickly advanced into maturity of style as Miss Herlie. When I recalled seeing her in *Peg o' My Heart* at the Scala in 1943 and remarked how delightfully she played the Irish heroine she said, "That was after I had been on the stage for only a year. It wasn't bad fun but my husband and I lost all our savings on that venture." She has been well repaid in her present triumph in one of the most discussed plays in London.

FOR the revival of the London Mask Theatre, which in pre-war days had some notable productions at the Westminster, J. B. Priestley (one of its directors) has provided *The Linden Tree*, a play of family life in which Lewis Casson and Sybil Thorndike will star.

Though described as a comedy it deals with political and religious matters, among other things. Sir Lewis will be seen as an old university professor with Dame Sybil as his wife. They are confronted with the problems presented by their son who is a financier and their three daughters who are interested respectively in medicine, Roman Catholicism and music.

*The Linden Tree* begins a longish tour at Hull on June 16 before coming to the West End. Michael Macowan as producer and Thane Parker as manager will be associated with the masque venture which aims at encouraging new authors and new plays with ideas.

THE remainder of a very successful tour was abandoned in order to bring *Eduard My Son* to His Majesty's on Friday. The theatre suddenly became available owing to the premature closing of *Romany Love*. Robert Morley (part-author with Noel Langley) stars in this play with Peggy Ashcroft, and Henry Sherek and Henry Miller have spent £10,000 on the production which is very elaborate and involves ten changes of scene.

It is a story with a serious theme about big business and of a father's indulgent love for his son, and the action covers a period of twenty-eight years from 1919.

THE BIRDSPELLER, this week's production at the Palace, has taken a long time to reach this country, for Karl Zeller, the composer of its delightful score, was one of the many contemporaries of "Waltz King" Johann Strauss, and belongs to that period half a century or more ago when light opera was at its zenith in Vienna. *The Birdseller* has never lost its popularity in central Europe.

The fact that Richard Tauber has chosen to wield the baton instead of singing in this production is not a stunt as some assumed when he conducted the Palace orchestra during the run of *Gay Rosalinda*. Trained at Frankfurt Conservatorium he began conducting at the age of eighteen, four years before he decided to turn to singing.

THE first post-war production by the Oxford University Dramatic Society will be Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, which will be performed in the lovely setting of the gardens of Merton College from June 18 until June 25. The O.U.D.S. has been reconstituted this term. Nevill Coghill is still the director but on this occasion the play will be produced by an undergraduate, Anthony Besch.

Beaumont Kent



JAMES AGATE

# At The Pictures

## Wild Nonsense

**P**AUL BORAY, the youngest child of a grocer, and hero of the film *Humoresque* (Warners), shows some talent for the violin in which he is encouraged by Sid Jeffers, a radio pianist. Sid takes him to a fashionable party given by Mrs. Helen Wright, who has made a mess of marriage and tries to mend it by sponsoring young talent and drinking to excess. You have only to watch the close-ups of La Crawford to see which eye is sponsoring and which is drinking. Now this Mrs. Wright is impressed by what the synopsis calls "Paul's positive character," presumably meaning the breadth of John Garfield's shoulders, "and his mastery of the violin." Deciding to see more of Paul and teach him what the synopsis with maximum pudicity calls "the social graces," Helen finances his début and arranges an audition

with the conductor of the New York Philharmonic.

**N**ow if Paul had twopennyworth of sense he would be saying to himself, "Do I really have to get up the Sibelius Concerto in order to please this drunken slut?" But it seems Paul wants to study the concerto, even with the slut thrown in. Does anybody think the word too strong? Then let them know that this Mrs. Wright is married and has been offered a divorce by her husband which she refuses. Anyhow, the Philharmonic concert takes place and Paul's mother takes advantage of the dress rehearsal to tell Mrs. Wright exactly what she thinks of her, which annoys Mrs. Wright, who goes off to her beach house or seaside bungalow, gets stinking and phones Paul five minutes before he is to appear, saying that she intends to listen-in on the wireless. "You're blotto, darling," he says. She replies, "I love you."

Paul has chosen to make his début with his own arrangement of *Tristan and Isolde* for solo violin and orchestra, the beauty of which induces in the silly woman a feeling of self-revulsion. So, having got herself up in a dinner gown all covered in sequins in case she shouldn't be noticed in the moonlight, she walks down the beach and into the sea, totally unremarked by a young man who within three yards of her is throwing his stick into the water for his dog to retrieve. Whether the violinist or the husband was the better rid of a bad bargain I don't know. There is enough good music to make the film worth listening to whenever La Crawford isn't throwing those optics about.

**T**HE new and admirable attempt to film opera, *The Barber of Seville* (Academy), suggests two more operas for which I am willing to supply the synopses free of charge. They occur in a little book called *The New Opera Glass*, by Fr. Charley, printed at Leipzig some time before the turn of the century. The first opera I should choose is *Othello*.

"First act. Place before the Castle. View on the sea, storming heaven; much people is united, hoping that Othello, the hero of the fatherland, may be saved from the stormy ocean. The heaven is kindly, Othello is reaching the land, and, accompanied by his friends and his servants is going to the castle.

Jago, the strongest enemy of Othello, is stimulating Rodrigo to ask Desdemona's love. For this reason a festivity is arranged and Cassio, the friend of Othello has forced by Jago, to drink to much, because he was preferred against Rodrigo and also against Montano. Othello is inviting the people of going to their home. Desdemona is finding their husband in this position, they are going together back again in the castle.

Second act. Playing in the rooms of the castle. Interview of Cassio, Jago, Desdemona and Othello, Jago is assuring Othello the infidelity of his wife and is mixing him in the highest anger.

Third act. Desdemona has a conference with Cassio, for the purposes to beg pardon for him by Othello. Othello is wrathful with his wife, warping her on the ground, so that the people is



**Rex Harrison** who stars with Gene Tierney in "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir," which is adapted from the successful novel of that name. Rex Harrison has the somewhat unusual part of the ghost of a sea captain who becomes the friend of Mrs. Muir. Ghost though he is, his decidedly robust personality has a telling influence on Mrs. Muir's life and fortunes

thinking that Othello is fallen suddenly in insanity.

Fourth act. Sleeping room of Desdemona. Singing a song, and then is going to bed for sleeping. Othello is returning, he makes awaking her; she is assuring him her innocence but nothing can convincing him. Othello is murdering his wife.

Just Emilia, the maiden, is coming in the room, finding Desdemona dying. She told Othello that a mistake is and that is a great fault to have heard on Jago. Montano in the room and Emilia is telling him the outrage with the pocket-handkerchief. Othello looks out for his innocent murdered wife, takes the dagger and is stabbing himself."

**T**HE second opera is *Romeo and Julia*.

"First act: Palace Capulet. Masquerade. Capulet greeting his guests. He is introducing his daughter Julia. Romeo, a Montague, seeing Julia, is falling in love to her, which is returning by her without to know another. Romeo hears, that Julia the daughter of Capulet. Tybalt, the nephew of Capulet, is going away with Julia; Romeo crying: 'God with you.' Tybalt renowned Romeo, the enemy of his house; the two are quarrelling, but Capulet smooths the quarrell.

Second act: Pavillon in Capulets garden. Romeo singing from the love to Julia; Julia going in the garden, singing also from the love to Romeo. Their hearths are finding together and after lovely sweers are going from another.

Third act: Romeo visiting Lorenzo, the monk, begging to help him to be united with Julia; he is ready for that and Romeo and Julia are becomes man and wife. In the battle with Tybalt he murdered him.

Fourth act: Romeo and Julia are sweet united in the room of Julia; being banished from the city he must fly. The dying father of Julia wished to see Julia as wife from the count Paris, but being Romeos wife Lorenzo is helping her from the fatal situation.

Fifth act: Romeo enter; he is seeing his wife Julia in the apparent death. In the meaning of her really death he is thinking a bottle poison wishing to be united with her also in the death. In the same moment Julia awaked. Willing to fly the death is coming; Romeo falling on the bottom, Julia takes the sword and murdered herself."

For Othello I should cast Groucho Marx. And wouldn't it be fun to see Frankie Sinatra falling on the bottom and Deanna Durbin taking the sword and murdering herself?

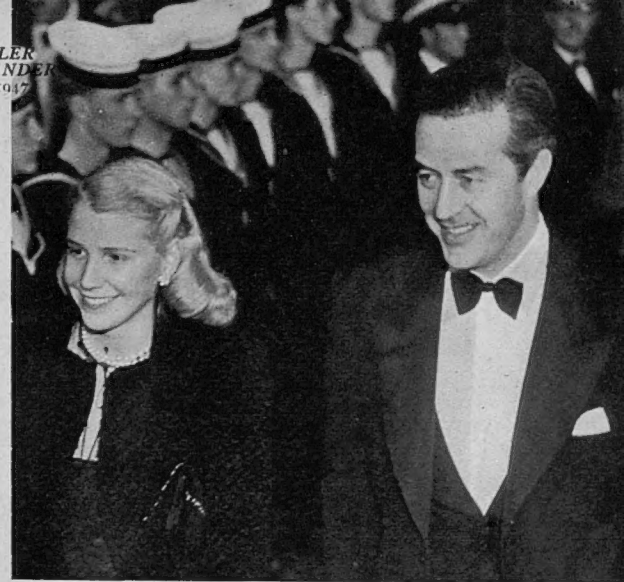


**Leopold Stokowski** makes a brilliant appearance, with many other leading musical stars, in "Carnegie Hall" at the Plaza. It is the story of a mother's attempt to turn her son into a musical genius, and its unexpected result. Marsha Hunt, Frank McHugh and Martha O'Driscoll are the principal players





Two of the stars, Will Fyffe and Patricia Roc, with Mrs. Will Fyffe, in the vestibule. The première raised £4000 towards the object of setting up a West End clubhouse for R.N.V.R. officers



Miss Sharman Douglas, daughter of the U.S. Ambassador, with Ray Milland, the Hollywood film star, now visiting this country



Mr. Sydney Box, who produced the film, and Mrs. Box

## Première of "The Brothers" at the Gaumont

The film version of L. A. G. Strong's novel *The Brothers* recently had its première at the Gaumont, Haymarket, in aid of the R.N.V.R. Officers' Commemoration Fund. There was a brilliant gathering to meet the stars and executives who took part in the making of the film, which is a grim story of love and cruelty in a Scottish island setting



Cdre. Earl Howe, a vice-president of the Fund, and Countess Howe



Miss Felicity Atlee, daughter of the Prime Minister, and Viscountess Astor, another vice-president



The Hon. Lewis W. Douglas, U.S. Ambassador, arriving with Mrs. Douglas. There was a guard of honour of sea cadets at the première



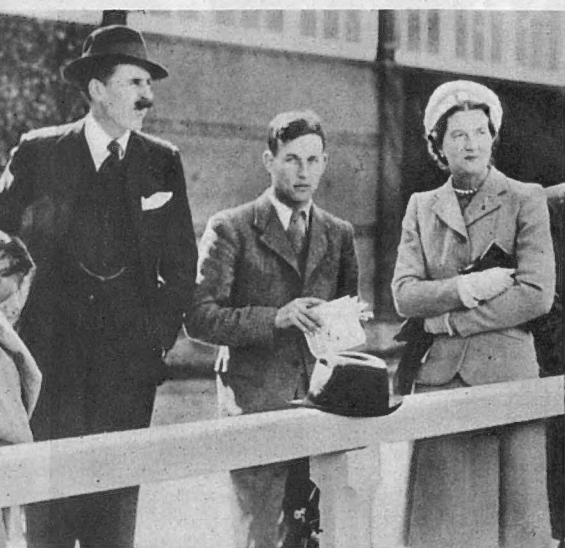


Supreme proof of Irish jumping quality, Mr. J. J. McDowell's Caughoo is paraded at Ballsbridge, with Edward Dempsey, who rode him to victory in the Grand National, in the saddle



Miss Iris Kellett, who won two firsts, clearing the wall jump on Arlette at the Royal Dublin Society's Spring Show. Women riders took most of the awards

## Visitors See Some Fine Jumping at the Dublin Spring Show



The Marquess of Hamilton, Capt. John Brooke, son and heir of Sir Basil Brooke, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, and the Marchioness of Hamilton



Lady Moyra Hamilton, daughter of the Marquess of Hamilton, and the Hon. Mrs. Fitzherbert Wright, sister of Viscount Powerscourt



The Hon. Mrs. Edward Corbally-Stourton arriving with her son and daughter, Nigel and Vanessa. Vanessa won the silver cup for the best girl rider in the show



Mr. S. D. Gibson, Miss S. Drew and Lady Rathdonnell



The Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort, from Kells, with Lady Musgrave



Viscount and Viscountess Powerscourt in the jumping enclosure



Fennell, Dublin  
Sir Edmond and Lady Hodson, from Bray, Co. Wicklow, with their elder son, Gilbert





Major E. Stuart Hunt in front on Polar Star, followed by S/Ldr. Goodman's Red Hat, the eventual winner, at the sixth fence in the Subscribers' Lightweight Race

## The Surrey Union Point-to-Point at Charlwood



Lt.-Col. C. A. Calvert, D.S.O., was the starter. The event was held at Rowgardens Wood, Charlwood



Miss A. Covell on Schedule after winning the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race. She has now won five of these races successively



S/Ldr. Goodman receiving the cup for the Lightweight Race from Mrs. A. Berry, wife of the owner of Rowgardens Wood



Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Berry, with three very interested visitors, Miss P. Moore, Mrs. W. Moore and Cdr. Neville



Mr. T. C. White, chairman of the Chiddingfold Farmers' Hunt, and Major H. D. Roberts, M.C., the judge



Mr. S. Watney, Miss M. Calvert, Mrs. C. A. Calvert, and Mrs. S. Watney enjoy a picnic lunch





Lord Melchett's Son and Heir, the Hon. Julian Mond, Marries Miss Sonia Elizabeth

The bride and bridegroom leaving the church. Miss Graham is the elder daughter of Lt.-Col. R. H. Graham and of Mrs. Graham, of 21, Emperor's Gate, S.W.

Mrs. Dunbar, grandmother of the bride, Lady Melchett, the bridegroom's mother, and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. H. Graham, the bride's parents

THE annual ball at the Dorchester in aid of the King George's Fund for Sailors was once again a great success, and must have raised a big sum for this very good cause. Viscountess Jowitt was the chairman this year, and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent honoured the ball with her presence. H.R.H., who looked lovely wearing a diamond tiara and a diamond necklace with a black lace dress on which she wore the order of the Grand Cross of the British Empire with its vivid scarlet ribbon, sat at Lady Jowitt's table and danced frequently, the other guests in the party being Lady Rachel Davidson, who was in attendance on the Duchess, Major Ralph Snagge, Cdr. and Mrs. Guy Lewis, W/Cdr. David Wynn-Williams, Mr. Viggo de Wichfeld and the Hon. Mrs. Wynn-Williams, Lady Jowitt's daughter, and her husband.

Mrs. Attlee, president of the ball, was in Mrs. A. V. Alexander's party at a nearby table with Sir Harry and Lady Methven and Sir Graham and Lady Cunningham. Admiral Holland, chairman of the Fund, had a large party with Mrs. Holland. Their guests included Lord and Lady Strathallan, Lord Stanley of Alderley and Noel Coward. Lady Cross and her pretty daughter Diana were in a party with Lady Savile, her son, Lord Savile, and her attractive daughter, the Hon. Deirdre Savile. Mrs. Proctor, looking very attractive in gold lamé, was dancing with her American husband, Cdr. Harrison Proctor. It will be remembered that her first husband, the Hon. Somerset Maxwell, Lord Farnham's only son, was killed in action. Mrs. Proctor was one of the fortunate winners of prizes for lucky numbers on the programmes. Lady Hamond-Graeme brought a big party, and so did Mrs. Walter Whigham, Lord and Lady Dangan—the latter looking pretty in blue—Lady Currie, Lady Effie Millington-Drake, Mrs. Donaldson Hudson and Sir Charles and Lady Madden, who had the Fourth Sea Lord and Lady Fisher in their party.

FEW people seem to realise that everyone individually can help U.N.O. to be a success. Every man, woman and child, by writing to U.N.A., 11, Maiden Lane, W.C.2, can to-day become a member of the United Nations Association, whose objects are: to promote understanding and co-operation among the peoples of the world; win their support for the United Nations in all its activities, including the prevention of war; and to ensure justice for all nations by the full use of U.N.O. For this purpose U.N.A. is trying to organise branches throughout the country to make the public conscious of their obligations. It is also working with the Empire, the U.S.A. and other countries, through the World Federation of U.N.A., to assist in furthering world peace and security. It is appealing for £100,000 towards a special campaign to secure a world-wide membership of U.N.A., and donations can be sent to the address mentioned.

*Sannefer writes*

## HER SOCIAL

In connection with this campaign, the Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee were At Home at 10, Downing Street to a very representative gathering from every sphere of public life. Mr. Attlee, Mr. Anthony Eden and Lady Megan Lloyd George all spoke in support of the United Nations Association as being a vital link with U.N.O., Mr. Anthony Eden saying that it was impossible to some extent not to be disappointed by setbacks in U.N.O., but whatever they were, they in no way lessened the great need for an international organisation on which the world could rely. Lady Megan Lloyd George, who looked very nice in a printed dress and little blue hat, spoke in her usual easy manner, and said that to help U.N.A. we needed to give both time and money. Many people might say they could not spare the time, as they did before 1939—and then they had to spare six years of their lives to help win the war.

AFTER the meeting Mrs. Attlee was a charming hostess, giving everyone a delicious tea in the drawing-rooms. Here I met Viscount Bruce, who had proposed a vote of thanks to the speakers. He was accompanied by his wife, and they were saying how comfortable they were in their flat, which, as he said, has the advantage of being small. Lord Aberdare was chatting to Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme, the latter looking very smart in navy blue and white; Mrs. Laurence Olivier (Vivien Leigh), in a neat black suit and a little black cap trimmed with a scarlet rose, was with Sir Ralph and Lady Richardson, and Mr. Edward Hulton was accompanied by his attractive wife. Lady Munnings I saw talking to Mr. Anthony Eden, while Sir Alfred Munnings was scrutinising the lovely Canaletto's which hang on the walls of one of the drawing-rooms.

Lady Daphne Straight, looking really lovely in a corduroy suit and a little flower-trimmed hat, came alone. I was told her husband, Mr. Whitney Straight, who is such a staunch supporter of British flying, was laid up with 'flu. Mr. Somerset de Chair, who is chairman of the U.N.A. National Appeal Committee, was meeting many friends with his wife, and Dr. Malcolm Sargent, always so generous and one of the first people to help any good cause, told me he had promised to give a concert to help the Association.

Among others who came to support the meeting were Viscount and Viscountess Cecil—Viscount Cecil is the President of the Association—Sir Patrick and Lady Ashley Cooper, Dame Lilian Braithwaite, Lady Cohen, Mr. Malcolm McCordale, Sir Norman and Lady Kipping, Sir George and Lady Nelson, Mr. Harold Nicolson, Mr. Leo d'Erlanger, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford-Smith, the Earl of Eldon, Lady Hoare, Lady Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Howe, and Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder with Lady Tedder.

MRS. "JACK" ASTOR, looking even more beautiful than usual, wearing her hair dressed high in a plait, received many of the distinguished audience who came to the world première of *The Brothers* at the Gaumont, Haymarket, for which she was chairman, and by this première raised the magnificent sum of £4000 for the R.N.V.R. Officers' Commemoration Fund. Lady Astor, wearing a chic little eye-veil and a bunch of stocks pinned on her evening dress, accompanied her daughter-in-law, and was in her usual scintillating form (how much we miss her ready wit in Parliament to-day!). Mme. Massigli, wearing one of the newest ankle-length Paris evening dresses with a draped skirt, was an early arrival with Mme. Roché. The First Sea Lord, Admiral Sir John Cunningham, an impressive figure with so many rows of ribbons on his uniform, was accompanied by Lady Cunningham. Earl Howe, who made a short speech from the stage thanking Mrs. Astor and the committee on behalf of the R.N.V.R., came with Countess Howe, in blue, and sitting beside them in the Royal circle was Mrs. Astor's sister, Lady Ednam, looking very chic in a yellow embroidered jacket and black skirt—she was making one of her first appearances since the birth of her son and heir last month, and was escorted by Lord Ednam.

Others I saw in the crowded audience were Mr. Lewis Douglas, the American Ambassador, Mrs. Douglas and their daughter Sharman, Mrs. Attlee and her daughter Felicity, Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Morgan, Patricia Roc, star of the film, Mrs. Biddle, Mr. and Mrs. Brian Mountain, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Mrs. Kenneth Hunter, Sir Donald Banks, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, Mr. Sydney Box, Mrs. A. V. Alexander and Mr. L. W. Farrow.





## Graham at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Mr. Edward Seager and the Hon. Karis Mond, the bridegroom's sister, who was one of the two bridesmaids at the wedding

Two of the guests were Mr. Charles Parker and the Hon. Patricia Stourton, who is the daughter of Lord and Lady Mowbray

Lord and Lady Wynford's infant daughter was christened Jacqueline Dorothy Mametz at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The godparents included Lt.-Col. W. L. Benyon and the Hon. Mrs. Lampson

# JOURNAL

So many mothers have asked me if I know when the various debutante dances are taking place, and long for the list as in war days. As is to be expected, there are nearly so many private dances as before the war, and several mothers are giving a series of small parties for their girls instead of one big dance. One of these is Lady Bettie Walker, Lord Denbigh's aunt, who is over from her home in Kenya for the season with her good-looking daughter Honor, whom she is also presenting at one of the garden-parties. Lady Bettie has taken a house in Montpelier Walk and is enjoying seeing all her friends again after an absence of twelve years. She had planned to come back to England in 1939 and when the threat of war stopped her leaving her home.

Honor, who is tall and dark, has been educated in Kenya. She rides well and is already a very good shot, unusual for a girl of her age, and also has an exceptional knowledge of wild animals and big game. She has had a unique opportunity of studying them, especially at Tree Tops, Nyeri, Kenya, the hotel in the wilds which her parents started, a wonderful vantage point from which jungle animals can actually be watched. She told me she was thrilled with England and thoroughly enjoying every moment of her first season.

**B**RIG. AND MRS. ARTHUR MAGNAY, Mrs. Arnold Keppel, Lady Victor Mallet, Lady Cunliffe, Mrs. A. Wedderburn, Mrs. Robert Grimston, Mrs. Arthur Fawcus and Lady Edward Hay have already given dances this month for debutantes, and now to-morrow, May 29th, Lady Aberdare and Lady Digby are joint-hostesses with Lord Glentanar at the Dorchester for their debutante daughters, the Hon. Gwyneth Bruce, the Hon. Jaquetta Digby and the Hon. Jean Coats. The Hon. Mrs. Baird, Lord Harcourt's youngest sister, has chosen the same night for the dance for her daughter, Lavinia Jenkinson. The next night, May 30th, the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwaite and Mrs. Gordon Foster are giving a dance at Claridge's for Bridget Foster, who is Mrs. Micklethwaite's ward and a niece of Mrs. Gordon Foster.

On Saturday, May 31st, Mrs. Geoffrey Pennington has chosen 23, Knightsbridge for the dance she is giving for her daughter. The next dance I have heard of is to take

place in the country, as on June 5th Lord Verulam has lent his lovely home, Gorbambury, near St. Albans, to his sister, Lady Elizabeth Motion, for a dance for her attractive debutante daughter Joan, who has great charm and, what is so nice these days, delightful manners. Claridge's has been chosen by Mrs. Sutherland and Mrs. Lindsay-Drummond for their dance on June 6th for Caroline Sutherland and Olivia Drummond, and by Mrs. Leavett-Shenley for the dance she is giving for her daughter Una on June 10th. On June 11th, Mrs. Robert Hinde and Mrs. John Hinde are joint-hostesses there with Lieut.-Colonel Richard Agnew, whose very pretty daughter Rosemary I met at a Queen Charlotte's Ball last year, and on June 12th Lord Savile is giving a dance there for his only sister, the Hon. Deidre Lumley-Savile, whom I have noticed being a great success at several dances already.

**M**AJOR GERVAASE-LANG has chosen June 10th for the small dance he is giving for his daughter Pamela, a pretty girl who is attending the second garden-party. On June 13th Lady Effie Millington-Drake is giving a dance for her daughter Marie, and the following night Lady Eden is giving a dance for her daughters. On June 20th Viscountess Plumer and Mrs. Pryor are giving a dance at the Dorchester for their daughters. Lady Knollys has chosen Hurlingham as the setting for her dance on June 24th for her very attractive daughter Ardyne. On June 25th, Lady Carew-Pole is giving a dance at Claridge's for her debutante daughter Elizabeth, and the same night Major and Mrs. Graeme Whitelaw are giving a dance at the Savoy for his daughter Jane, who was educated during the war in Switzerland, rather by force of circumstances, as she was out there when the war started and had to stay.

**O**N July 2nd Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale is giving a dance at her home in South Street for her daughter Raine, who is having a wonderful first season. Not only is her mother giving several small parties for her before her dance, but Major Alan Lennox-Boyd, the Member for Mid-Bedfordshire, who was a great friend of her uncle, the late Ronald Cartland, is giving a small dance for her to-night after her presentation (weather permitting) at the garden-party. This is to take place in Major Alan and Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd's charming house in Chapel Street. Others I have heard of who have chosen dates in July include Mrs. Mervyn Wingfield, who is giving a dance for her daughter Elizabeth on July 3rd, Mrs. Vesey Holt on July 5th, Lady Wilson, who is giving a dance for her godchild, Camilla Paterson, on July 8th at Bedford College, and Mrs. Bevan, who is giving a dance at Longstow Hall, Cambridge, which was a girls' school during the war, on July 26th. There are several more debutante dances tentatively arranged, but as they are not definitely fixed I will not mention them yet.



William Robert Charles were the names given to the son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. John Williams-Wynne at his christening at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Francis William Marten's infant son was christened Michael Francis at St. Peter's Church, Cranley Gardens. Among the godparents were the Hon. J. L. Vernon and Lt.-Col. V. B. Turner, V.C.

## CHRISTENINGS



## The Southdown Hunt



*Mr. John Dagger, of the Coldstream Guards, and Miss Doone B. Bell sharing a table for two at Hatchett's*



*The Marchioness of Ely and the Marquess of Willington were two of the guests at this enjoyable ball*



*Mr. and Mrs. Roland Hebler with Viscount Erleigh, heir of the Marquess of Reading, and Viscountess Erleigh, at the Orchid Room*



*Colonel F. J. Erroll, M.P. for Altrincham, Miss Gillian Beamish, daughter of Rear-Admiral Beamish, and Captain Canning Freeman, the artist*



*Also at Hatchett's: Mr. Michael Watson, Miss Lavinia Keppell, Miss Anne Maud and Mr. Brian Coombe-Johnson*



*Viscountess Gage, Captain A. W. H. Dalgety, Master and Huntsman, and Mrs. Green*

**Dining Out in the  
West End**



# Ball, Held at Brighton



*The Marchioness of Willingdon and the Marquess of Ely were also present. The ball was held at the Hotel Metropole*



*Four more of the younger generation: Miss Patricia Hole, Mr. Colin Popham, Miss Diana Leonard and Mr. Michael Knott*



*Viscount Gage, who lives at Lewes, Captain and Mrs. Henderson and Mrs. Dalgety*

*Hamlin, Brighton*



*Mr. W. L. Baxendale and Lady Elizabeth Baxendale, daughter of Earl Fortescue, who were married in July last year. The ball was organised by Countess Fortescue*



*The Hon. Mrs. T. P. Butler, daughter of the late Lord Bayford, and Earl Fortescue, Lord-Lieutenant of Devon. There were 200 guests at the ball, which was held at the Cullompton Hotel*



*Many of the guests were in fancy dress. This group includes Lieut.-Colonel Richard Vigors, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Fortescue, Lieut. David Metcalfe, Miss Jane Baxendale and (sitting) Mrs. Richard Vigors and Countess Fortescue*

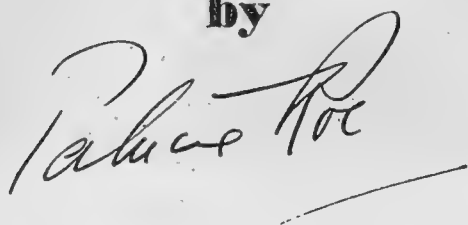
**S.S.A.F.A. Dance at  
Cullompton, Devon**



## Self-Profile

# Patricia Roc

by




One of the half-dozen most prominent actresses in the vanguard of the British film renaissance, Patricia Roc has, like most other successful screen actresses in this country, a sound stage training behind her. Her latest film *The Brothers* called, during its making, not only for great acting ability but a high degree of sheer physical endurance. Her previous films included *Johnny Frenchman*, *2000 Women*, *Millions Like Us* and *Madonna of the Seven Moons*.

**T**O-DAY I am in the fortunate position of being a fairly successful film actress. One of the less-inspiring facets of holding down this position is getting shoals of letters by every post asking me *how I did it*. You know the sort of thing: How did you start? What is your background? How did you get your first part? Were you nervous? Is it true that a certain way of achieving fame on the screen is to read Thoreau's *Walden* every day, lie down and meditate and so make your face full of repose and therefore photogenic? Is it true that a diet of boiled onions gives you just that skin for screen success? And so it goes on.

Now, I am grateful—exceedingly grateful—for the help and encouragement the public has given me in my career. But Gainsborough Studios—where I do most of my work—boasts, in my opinion, a competent publicity department which issues multitudinous stories about me, my background, career and general success story. These stories are printed in almost every type of publication—from crime magazines to the *Woman*, *Babies* and *Beauty* type.

My life story has been retold with such alarming regularity that I often sit down and wish to heaven that I had a different one for them to tell—just to make a change. I have the will but not the time to pen answers to my thousands of correspondents. So I am more than grateful to the Editor of *THE TATLER* for giving me the opportunity to tell the story myself. Patricia Roc by Patricia Roc *should* be the answer. Now, how do I set about it?

God gifted me with an ability to act—so, at least, a number of critics say. He also gifted me with a fairly presentable face and figure. I doubt, though, whether I was ever likewise gifted with the ability to write, but, like Mr. Pickles, I propose to “have a go.”

**F**IRST of all, my background. A pretty normal one, I think. I first saw the light of day at Hampstead on June 7th, 1918, when the world was still at war. My parents did not act. Neither did my grandparents nor their parents, so far as I can learn. I went to the Francis Holland Church of England School at Regent's Park. I quite liked it there, but I can't say that I was ever a promising scholar.

No, I did *not* take part in amateur dramatics. I was a bit of a tomboy, which probably doesn't add up with the Pat Roc of today, but is nevertheless true. At that time grease-paint didn't lure me, chiefly, I suppose, because I didn't

know what its ingredients were. Later on I went to Bartram Gables Boarding School, Broadstairs. I liked the seaside. My parents didn't know what to do with me (they never do in these stories), so I was sent to finishing school in France—which probably points a moral.

Now, if there is one place I like and which likes me, it is France. I adore the bonhomie of the French national, the *n'importe* attitude, the tinsel-glitter of the Parisian streets at night, the Bretons with their impoverished bagpipes, above all, the Frenchman's infinite appreciation of the arts. Yet I never know whether a Montmartre painter likes the painting he is looking at. It's merely his *looking* at the painting that gets me. To me, the French always appear pathetically sad in their habits, but wonderfully sound in their judgment and ecstatically joyous in their hearts. I know that sounds complex, but the French are a complex nation. I learnt to speak their language—not like a native. Nobody ever learns to speak French like a native. There's something about those verbs that defy correct pronunciation by foreigners.

**I** DECIDED I wanted to act—yes, I know you *knew* this was coming. I really did want to act. I'd seen a lot of fine French films, and I somehow knew that acting was to be my job. I passed the concierge standing at the door of her unkempt *hôtel*, and I wanted to play that concierge on the stage or screen. I passed the *confiserie* and I wanted to play the sales-girl behind the sparkling counter. Back in England, I told my parents about *The Urge*. They were not amused. But, in the best autobiographical tradition, they “did not stand in the way of my entering what was, at best, a precarious profession.”

So I went to RADA (you knew that was coming, too?) and studied hard. I emerged a shining-faced student with *Great Ambitions*. I went the rounds of managers, but it was no good. I was just a young hopeful in a sea of backdrops, stage flats and drapes. And, anyway, nobody had ever heard of me. So I returned to France—to Paris. Once there, I sounded out my old friends and got an introduction to Edward Cornélius Molière. He gave me an introduction to the Joinville Studios, where I was film-tested. Somebody said something about a part opposite Gabin, and I read a script. I did not play opposite Gabin; I did not film the script.

I came back to London—more than just fed up. Soon, though, I got an introduction to that wise impresario, Sydney Carroll. He liked me and I was given a part in *Nuts and May*, at the Ambassadors. Steve Geray, Magda

Kun and Peter Haddon were with me in this—or should I say that I was with them? The show opened, the public shook its head, and after a month I was out of a job.

Then Alex. Korda sent for me and gave me the rôle of the Polish Princess opposite Roger Livesey and Anthony Bushell in *Rebel Son*. This film had a bit of history attached to it. It had gone into production at Denham some two years before. The director had died in the middle of shooting and the film was shelved. With my arrival (that sounds pompous, doesn't it?), the script was brought out again and the film restarted.

Following this I got a part opposite Wilfred Lawson and Alexander Knox in Michael Balcon's *The Gaunt Stranger*, and the work started to come in—*A Window in London*, *Doctor O'Dowd*, *The Mind of Mr. Reeder*, with dear Willie Fyffe, and a number of other films.

**I** SUPPOSE I made the grade in *Millions Like Us*. I was really thrilled when Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat gave me the part of the factory girl. That finished, Gainsborough gave me a contract, and I made several films for them. Mr. Rank then decided to send me to America as the first of his Lease-Lend (or is it Lend-Lease? I never know) stars. I made *Canyon Passage*, mostly in Oregon, and it really was an experience. We filmed in the backwoods, miles from any town. Dana Andrews, Brian Donlevy, Susan Hayward and Andy Devine and the rest of the *Canyon Passage* cast were wonderful to me. The barbecue parties were raucous yet dignified, the venison steaks and lake trout now form a succulent and nostalgic curtain between the 1947 Patricia Roc in London and the same gal in the Oregon backwoods way back in 1945.

Home and the Boxes. I should explain here and now that I have an unstinted admiration for Muriel and Sydney Box. They are prodigious workers and an incredibly happy couple. When I arrived back, they mentioned that they would like me to play Mary Lawson in the screen version of L. A. G. Strong's *The Brothers*, just released. I've since made *Jassy*, in Technicolor, for the Boxes, with Margaret Lockwood and Basil Sydney, retakes for the American version of *The Wicked Lady*, and *So Well Remembered* with Johnnie Mills for R.K.O., and am Bill Rowbotham's wife in Betty Box's film *When the Bough Breaks*. That about sees me up to the present day.

Well, how *did* I become a film star? Frankly, I don't know. Wouldn't it be more truthful for me to admit that by a sequence of quite orderly events it “just happened”? I think so. Anyway, I do not eat boiled onions.



Aged four—with her eyes already fixed on distant horizons





## Priscilla in Paris Mixed Bag

ONLY one person remained cool, if not collected, at the Rugby scrum that was the seventeenth "Book Afternoon" which took place this year at the Maison de la Chimie. This lucky soul was President Vincent Auriol, whose recent colonial tour has accustomed him to a tropical temperature. The Après-Midi du Livre, a charity function, organised by the Écrivains Combattants, or ex-soldier-authors, who have fought in the two World Wars, is always a brilliant affair. Every well-known writer has a booth, where his—or her—books are on sale, and big sums are obtained, since the volumes, autographed by their authors, are bought at fancy prices. All the prettiest actresses of Paris act as sales-ladies, fill up the quickly-exhausted fountain pens and round up those skinflints who have only come to stare.

The heat was terrific. Collars wilted and complexions melted. Frances Carco ripped off her collar while Noël-Noël changed his three times in an hour. René Fauchois took off his hat and rolled up his shirt-sleeves. Maurice Del remained fairly cool, but then he was selling his book entitled *Jerome 60° Latitude Nord*. Roger Ferdinand looked like a lobster fresh from the cooking-pot. Roland Dorgelès, Maurice Genevoix, Jean-Jacques Bernard, Raymond Salacrou and the Jerome brothers were like candles in a furnace.

But our young lovelies managed to look fresh, whatever they may have felt, in their flower frocks and picture hats. Little Dominique Blanchard is even prettier off the stage than behind the footlights. Jeanne Boitel, who is joining the Comédie Française (she was 'Mozart' in the Resistance), wore a cool frock of pale-green crepe, against which the ribbon of her decoration gleamed like a jewel. Parysis, blonde and gay, was all in black. Danielle

Darrieux, who is playing at the Edouard VII. with Claude Dauphin, and having an even bigger success on the stage than on the screen, had to give her autograph to all her admirers. It has been said that war books are no longer popular, but it was almost impossible to get near M. Debu-Bridel (Argonne) or Colonel Remy's stands, for these two heroes of the underground forces were literally mobbed.

ANOTHER great crowd gathered this very warm week on the opening day of the exhibition of Aristide Maillol's sculpture and painting at the Galerie Charpentier. Maillol, who was born in 1861 and was killed in an automobile accident in 1944, is considered to be the finest sculptor, after Rodin, of this age, although he has never been recognised as such by the official centres of *les Beaux Arts*. Nevertheless, Minister Pierre Bourdan opened this exhibition and all Paris was there. It was almost impossible to "see the people for the crowd"; but I managed to recognise M. and Mme. André Maurois, François Mauriac, M. and Mme. de Chambrun, whose American-born sister-in-law, Mme. Longworth-Chambrun, has just published, in French, *Shakespeare Retrouvé*, a remarkable study of the bard's life and works, Mme. Simone, who was also selling her latest novel at the Écrivains Combattants on the following day, Mme. Castain, the young wife of the Prefect of la Creuse, who has just been awarded the Resistance medal with a magnificent citation for her underground war work, and Micheline Presle, who is playing in Jean-Paul Sartre's first film, now being made. I have seen some of the beautiful frocks that Jean Patou is making for her to wear in this picture. One of the loveliest is a very pale lemon colour in soft, woollen material, with huge patch

pockets, while another, in linen, has a leaf-design in royal blue on a white ground, with a gored skirt falling in graceful lines.

I have not yet been to the Foire de Paris, that is the equivalent of the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition, but I hear that they are showing a wonderful electric fly-swatter. . . . I'm all for it!

U.N.E.S.C.O. has (or have?) taken over the whole of the Hotel Majestic, near the Étoile, and gave a wonderful house-warming party. A foreign correspondent became somewhat confused, and the notes she sent to her paper began thus: "Mr. and Mrs. Unesco were at home to . . . etc."

THE finest acting to be seen in Paris at time of writing is at the Théâtre St. Georges, where Mme. Marie-Rose Belin has produced *Les Nuits Noires*, her very remarkable stage adaptation of the Steinbeck story that was published and circulated "under the rose" during Occupation. The rôle of the German Commandant, played by Henri Rollan, and that of the Burgomaster by Jacques Baumer, are magnificently done. This took me back to my years in Brussels from 1914 to 1918 and sent little cold shivers shuddering down my spine. Morally nerve-racking, but physically agreeable on these warm nights.

### Voilà!

● A not too bright but inquisitive Young Person asked Jean-Paul Sartre: "Tell me, *maître*, what exactly is Existentialism?" "Something that permits me to exist!" answered J.-P.!



"l'Honorable Monsieur Pepys"

by Georges Souturier, is having a successful run at the Théâtre de l'Atelier, Paris. M. Jacques Erwin is seen in the part of Pepys, that complex character who played such a great if unspectacular part in making the Royal Navy the finest in the world

# THE DUK RUTLAND

For four hundred years Rutland, and the present from his father in 1940. Lincoln-Leicester border seen much history, have Hall, O



*In spite of its vicissitudes the Castle is still a striking Midlands landmark, and from a distance, on its mound, is reminiscent of Windsor Castle. It was last rebuilt, in the Gothic style, after a fire in 1816. It has a celebrated picture-gallery and tapestries*



*The Duke and Duchess on one of the terraces of the Castle, into which they moved last autumn. The Duke, who is a captain in the Grenadier Guards, is Joint-Master of the Belvoir Hunt*

*The Duchess of Rutland, in April*



# AND DUCHESS OF AT BELVOIR CASTLE

Belvoir Castle has been the principal seat of the Dukes of Rutland, who is the tenth holder of the title, inherited it from Robert de Belvedere in the eleventh century, and has been thrice rebuilt. The Duke also owns Haddon Hall, another famous historic residence

Photographs by Swaebe



was formerly Miss Anne Cumming Bell, married the Duke last year at St. Margaret's, Westminster



The Duchess looks out over the battlements at the magnificent view of the surrounding countryside which the Castle commands



Four-months-old Lady Catherine Manners with her mother in the gardens of the Castle, which before the war were among the finest in the country

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

## Standing

By ...

**B**ROODING grimly over Hyde Park Corner with windows either shuttered or broken, Apsley House should stay more or less like that when it is handed back to the nation, as seems to be the plan. To admirers of the Iron Duke those windows are just right, recalling the historic year 1831, when the mob smashed the lot with great vim during the Reform Bill riots.

Iron shutters in perpetuity were his Grace's retort, apart from a few tight-bitten "Geds" and "demns." The jolly mob took no umbrage. Like the hero of Maurice Baring's poem, it loved the sound of breaking glass, but displayed no urge to loot or romp. Once inside Apsley House any mob would have been quickly sobered anyway, one feels, by the Canova statue of Napoleon I at the foot of the staircase. All Napoleonic statues are intensely lowering to the spirits. In this particular one the sculptor has caught the Emperor musing in the nude—probably Bourrienne was pressing the Imperial buckskins at the time—and it is thus twice as chastening. Once over this difficulty, a mob in roguery mood could have had some fun, perhaps, with the Duke's pictures from the Spanish Royal Collection, captured with the long wagon-train of Joe Bottles—*Pepe Botellas*, as the Spaniards called poor King Joseph Bonaparte—after Vittoria. More than one officers' mess billeted in an English country house during the late war knew what wonders can be done in the way of improving fine old pictures with a little chalk, toothpaste, paint, or even tar.

However, the glass-conscious mob of 1831 had more Arcadian tastes, and was indeed a model of its kind. Ask any Liveryman of the Glaziers' Company.

## Mascot

**O**NE-TWELFTH of a regimental goat, presumably, will suffice the newly-reformed London Welch (Heavy A.A.) Regiment for ceremonial occasions, unless the proportion so far of only some 8 per cent. pure Cymric recruits increases.

Fortunately the operative or essential five-sixths of a Welch regimental goat is easily subdivisible, as all are aware who have ever



"It isn't you. It could be anyone"

tramped behind him on a hot day to the tune of *Ap Siencyn*. We should therefore (if it were our business) appoint the first Synthetic-Goat-Major in the military history of our proud and passionate race. Instead of leading a handsome gilt-horned Windsor-bred white mountain goat by a chain, the Synthetic-Goat-Major would twirl a staff, or wand, crowned by a kind of mop drenched periodically in fresh and veritable Essence-of-Goat, chemically produced. Thus would the hearts of the 8 per cent. Cymry be exalted and the nostrils of the Saesneg majority shot all to hell.

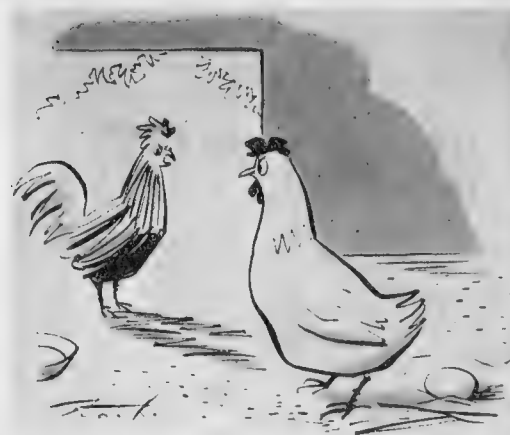
## Footnote

**G**OAT-MAJORS are usually choleric, redfaced, heavily black-eyebrowed, wary, fluent, and—being highly sensitive—surrounded by imaginary enemies. Deprived of their natural ozone they die very readily. Travellers benighted in the Black Mountains on the Brecon-Monmouth border, the Thessaly of Wales, claim to have seen spectral Goat-Majors dancing by moonlight on the uplands with goats of superb vivacity and aroma, to the piping of the three-note call of the Welch Regiment, a strain to which the soldiery long ago set unsuitable words. This legend seems to us, as dumbbells did to Samuel Butler, academic.

## Berserksgangr

**A**T Reykjavik an Icelandic bridge-team has beaten a British bridge-team, showing that the long winter nights of Iceland are not exclusively employed nowadays as formerly; namely in sharpening huge great axes wherewith to split thick Nordic skulls.

Conversation during such nights was practically nil, one gathers from a dip into the Sagas; but you must not assume that the old Icelandic boys, even with names like Odd and Grim, were totally dumb. When Thorstein of Raumsdal found that Ingimund of Vatnsdal had been



"Must we have this twaddle every time about declaring it well and truly laid?"

harried and liquidated by a cad named Hrolleif the Big, whom everyone disliked (his mother was a witch), Thorstein's first remark, very quietly, was: "I don't think we can expect to find Hrolleif at home after this!" Thorstein's next crack was: "We must work out a plan to harry him," showing that planners ending in "—stein" began all that long ago, and all that far away. "Planned harrying" was in fact the word with the best Nordic thinkers then as now. Thus Time lurches on.

## Afterthought

**H**ow the Reykjavik bridge-team harried our vikings is probably a saga in itself, and if any Iclander went berserk he doubtless apologised with all the grace of Thorir of Skagafjord, to be excused with equal British sportsmanship. E.g.:

"The berserk-fit (*berserksgangr*) comes over me when I least desire it! I wish, gentlemen, I could do something about it."

(Cries of "Not at all, Sir!" "Carry on!", etc., etc.)

"You won't mind my howling and biting a few cards to begin with?"

("That's all right, Sir!" "Jolly good luck!" "Best team wins!", etc., etc.)

"Very well. After making my forcing-bid I will eat the heart of the gentleman now playing dummy."

("Oh, hard cheese, Sir!" "Hooray!", etc.)

And that, chicks, as the old skald Snorre Sore-Eyes said to his wondering offspring, was how I first met your grandmother, Mjoll, daughter of An Bow-Swayer of Uppland, just a holmganger's mjoll.

## Contretemps

**K**NOWING you old thoughtfals to be keen on Nature (apart from her blonde by-products) we make no apology for touching now and again on natural history, and especially the fixations of the Nature boys, one of whom was lately implying that our wild dumb chums are crazy about his tribe.

This fallacy was exposed by William Bolitho, who pointed out that no sooner does an ordinary human being—let alone a Nature boy—set foot in a wood than all wild-life hushes instantly and goes to cover; also, centuries before, by St. Bonaventure, who has a celebrated passage describing the revolt of the Creatures against their arrogant little brother, Man. In a word, the Nature boys are wish-thinkers, as we remarked once to a despairing but stoical girl about to marry one, a friend of ours. We nevertheless took a firm, cheery line, like a Harley Street psychopath, and the conversation (in his presence) went as follows:

"Never mind that smell of moth-balls. You'll soon get used to it."

"It's not that I mind, it's that fixed glassy look."

"As of one observing a badger in its native haunt?"

"As of one about to describe a badger in choosy English for a highbrow weekly."

"Cool! That's bad."



"Wake up, Mervyn! I think there's somebody under the bed!"



"Worse than that, I'm told the boy's barmy."  
"Who told you?"

### Revelation

IT took some time to find out. He tried to stop us. Ultimately she confessed unwillingly that her informant was one of those United Dairies ponies who stand with forefeet on the kerb and muzzle the passing citizenry. "You don't think I'm going barmy since I got engaged?" she asked with great anxious beseeching eyes. We said, "No, no, No, no, no, no," but as a matter of fact she was, poor sweet, almost plumb-nuts. So much for the Nature racket and its unwholesome votaries.

### Urge

IN one of the rural areas of the South of England there is a wellknown inn, glorified by Slogger Dickens thus:

A famous Inn! the hall a very grove of dead game and dangling joints of mutton; and in one corner an illustrious larder, with glass doors, developing cold fowls and noble joints, and tarts wherein the raspberry jam coyly withdrew itself, as such a precious creature should, behind a lattice-work of pastry. And behold, on the first floor . . . a room with all the window-curtains drawn, a fire piled half-way up the chimney, plates warming before it, wax candles gleaming everywhere, and a table spread for three, with silver and glass enough for thirty.

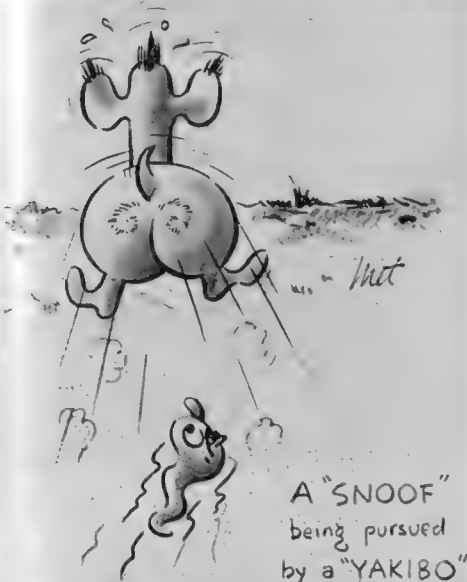
American visitors of 1947 popping in here and asking jovially for above will probably get at least the raspberry portion. Fortunately, as an American visitor declared in a daily paper recently, that's all they really need. They don't want the Dickensy stuff, they want to share and sympathise with our sufferings; which is American idealism at its highest, *modo Bostoniense*, and we mean it. Even when this idealism goes ha wire and turns into circuses like Henry Ford's Peace Ship, of hilarious memory, there's something rather bleakly fine about it. Hollywood's boys have hardly scratched this field as yet, the ardent little rascals.

### Warning

DISTINGUISH Idealism, incidentally, from Service, of which that acid old tease Slogger H. L. Mencken has memorably remarked: "When a gang of real estate dealers, bond salesmen, and automobile dealers gets together to sob for Service, it takes no Freudian to surmise that somebody is about to be swindled." We handed this posy recently to an eminent publicity boy, very keen on ringing speeches about Service, and he couldn't make head or tail of it. Gang? Sob?

## LUNACY FRINGE

By METCALF



Duncan Melvin

Walter Gore in his new ballet *Plaisance*, which the Ballet Rambert are performing at Sadler's Wells during their current six weeks' season, after which they leave for a year's tour of Australasia. The ballet is to little-known music by Rossini, orchestrated by Humphrey Searle, with décor by Harry Cordwell. It has been presented outright to Mme. Rambert by the choreographer in recognition of her services to the ballet and ballet dancers

## BUBBLE and SQUEAK

ON a French-owned island of the Solomons group the U.S. Army chopped down a number of palm-trees to build an airfield. The Frenchmen promptly submitted a bill for damages for exactly twice the number of trees destroyed. Asked why, they pointed out that coconut palms are said to be either male or female, and added: "So for every palm-tree cut down, Messieurs, another dies of a broken heart!"

THE teacher told the children that there were some cats without tails, and drew a sympathetic "Oh" in response. She hastened to explain that they were born like that.

"I wonder," she added, "if anyone can tell me what these cats are called?"

After a moment a hand went up, and a little girl ventured, "Would they be called utility cats?"

A MUSICAL comedy actress, no longer in her first youth, joined a touring company. Business was not particularly good, and the tempers of the company suffered accordingly. Relations became somewhat strained between the star and certain members of the chorus. There came a knock at the star's door.

"Who is it, and what do you want?" she demanded sharply.

"There's a lady in front who'd very much like to see you. She says she was a friend of yours when you were at school. Shall I show her in?"

From the corridor came the voice of a catty chorus-girl:

"Wheel her in!"

IT was the annual football match between the customers of the two local pubs. The teams were lined up ready.

Then it was found that the referee hadn't turned up. After some discussion the players decided not to wait for him, but to invite an onlooker to do the job. One captain approached a likely-looking man.

"Look here, old man," he said coaxingly, "our referee hasn't turned up. You know enough about football to referee, don't you?"

"Pardon me," replied the spectator firmly, "I know enough about football not to."

WHEN he put a penny in the slot of a stamp-machine outside a suburban post office a man was surprised to receive not only half-a-dozen stamps, but a small shower of coppers. So he went into the post office and said: "That stamp machine—"

He got no further.

"Oh, I know," said the girl behind the counter, "it's jammed again," and she pushed a penny across the counter.

TWO drunks were leaning over London Bridge. A policeman who was approaching happened to see them both fall in. He summoned help and the two were dragged to safety. When they were both on *terra firma* once more, one drunk turned to the other: "I shay, ol' man," he said, "this is the last time I come in thish pub; the beer tastes like water!"

# PICTURES IN THE FIRE

## Sabretoche

THE Chester R.C. is only 1 mile 125 yards, Simla's little racecourse in the bosky dell of Annandale is a bit over 6 furlongs, but only ponies race on it, and in hurdle races you had to go round so often that it made you giddy. I got cussed into small heaps by a farouche lady owner because I lost count. I ought, of course, to have tied a knot in my handkerchief each time I went past the judge's box, but then we do not wear handkerchiefs with jockey clothes. What poignant memories of very cold chicken and ham, *pâté de foie* in aspic, strawberries and cream and *Veuve frappée* it brings back! Dear Everard Baring, late 10 R.H., made Annandale into 6 furlongs (with a full-sized polo ground in the centre) by just chopping a bit off the Himalayas during the time he was Military Secretary to Lord Curzon.

Chester always makes me think of Annandale, and whether it is prejudice or not, it is for that reason that I always look askance at the long-distance form. This Irish mare *Turkish Tune*, winner of the Ormonde Stakes, may be a smasher, but I should prefer to wait and see her win somewhere else before being too positive about it. This also goes for *Maray*, the Dee Stakes winner, but not for *Star Song*, who must have won the Chester Cup but for that accident to another horse, for he is a genuine stayer, and, taking a long-distance shot, I believe will win the *Cesarewitch*.

### The Path of a Star

IN spite of all the "ifs" since the Guineas, I and also in spite of all that the original Tudor Minstrel said about that word per that great philosopher Touchstone, it would seem as though the four-legged one will start an odds-on proposition for the Derby. It is noticeable that whenever anyone or anything does something brilliant, the diligent army of crabbers at once goes into action tooth and claw to prove that, in fact, it was just nothing at all, a fluke, a freak or any other old thing of which you can think, because if X, Y or Z had been anything like their best, he never could have done it at all.

On the other hand, it is quite too often true, on the turf at any rate, that there is nothing so uncertain as a dead certainty. Most of us, however, being simple and confiding folk, believe in what we see, whilst at the same time we disbelieve most of what the Butler told the Cook. I think that, without patting ourselves on the back, we are entitled to believe that we did see something extra special win over the Rowley Mile, and that by the manner and method of it we are further encouraged to believe that he will get the extra half-mile

on the switchback course "made for rogues"—as some will have it. We know that Tudor Minstrel has Sundridge in the bottom line of his pedigree, and some of us even know that Sundridge was by that bit of greased lightning Amphion, the non-stayer, but not so many of us may recall that Amphion traces back to that Blacklock from whom also descended St. Simon.

Tudor Minstrel is a brown: Sunstar, son of Sundridge and a winner of the Derby, was a bay. It is only those who mark to the original chestnut who can reasonably be suspect.

### Snipers

YOU will never silence them, and I am certain that they thoroughly enjoy making our flesh creep. "Happy Knight won very easily last year by four lengths and his time was only one-fifth of a second slower than Tudor Minstrel's"; "It should not be overlooked that Petition beat Sayajirao by ten lengths at Hurst Park"; "£9000 to £2000 against Tudor Minstrel winning the Derby, providing he wins the Two Thousand Guineas." This is some of the ammunition the sharp-shooters have loosed off. It is excellent ground-bait for the devastating "we told you so" if, and when, they happen to be right—and, of course, they may be. No one, I suppose, risks losing £28,000 just to satisfy a mere whim.

Tite Street has had heel bug; there is no definite news, bar the betting, about Petition, now 40 to 1 to 50 to 1; Blue Train is not as well tested as Tudor Minstrel, and Migoli is still at 20 to 1, so what are we to do? I think wait and see if a god is going to emerge from a machine! As seemed quite possible, the shock of that accident to Petition at the starting-gate has done more damage than any jar to the spinal column. Frank Butters has said as much for publication. I hope things improve, but the Derby is fixed for June 7.

### Black Tom Olliver and Lindsay Gordon

THE little yarn about Black Tom Olliver's bit of fun with a farmer's lad at a West-Country steeplechase meeting has drawn some more, as I rather hoped that it would, and Brigadier-General T. Rose-Price, formerly Probyn's Horse, and later Welsh Guards, has kindly sent me this one about Black Tom and Adam Lindsay Gordon, who, of course, knew him very well; and it is very good to publish it, because there have been so many garbled

versions, few of them very kind towards "Australia's Byron." Here is the story:

Your diverting tale about the steeplechase jockey Black Tom Olliver recalls another episode in the life of that great rider in connection with the famous poet Adam Lindsay Gordon. As a young man the latter lived at Cheltenham, and ever a lover of a horse, spent much of his time in Olliver's company out at Prestbury, learning from him the art of racing which was to stand him in such good stead in after-years in Australia. As a result, Gordon was engaged for a small steeplechase at Worcester, but the horse was seized for debt just before the meeting. Always wild and reckless, young Gordon managed to remove the animal from the bailiff's stables and was promptly arrested. On hearing of this Tom Olliver hurried to Worcester, and by some means or other managed to save his young friend from the worst consequences of his mad prank. However, on top of previous escapades this affair so upset his parents that he was packed off to Australia forthwith in the '50's, and there he became the author of *Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes*, *Sea Spray* and *Smoke Drift*, *Whisperings in the Wattle Boughs*, and many other stirring and sporting country poems, which have long graced the shelves of all horse lovers. That early banishment always preyed upon Lindsay Gordon's mind, and he shot himself near Melbourne at a comparatively early age.

He was only thirty-seven when this happened. In his *Legend of the Cotswolds* these lines occur:

I remember the lowering, wintry morn  
And the mist on the Cotswold hills,  
Where I once heard the blast of the huntsman's  
horn  
Not far from the Seven Rills.  
Jack Esdale was there, and Hugh St. Clair,  
Bob Chapman and Andrew Kerr,  
And big George Griffiths on Devil-May-Care  
And Black Tom Olliver.

On May 11th, 1934, H.R.H. the Duke of York (our present King) unveiled a memorial to Lindsay Gordon in Westminster Abbey. It is a bust by Lady Hilton Young, which was then placed in Poets' Corner. Brigadier-General Rose-Price, incidentally, is one of the small and dwindling band which was on that Tibet show of 1903-04.

### French Leave

"VERY sorry late. Gave berth to girl on plane"—and the unfeeling answer from his C.O. was: "Congratulations; but your next confinement will be to barracks." The wire came from Le Bourget and was received at—we won't say where, for the shaft of wit still rankles. Gallantry does not always meet with its just reward.



O. W. Sidwell, the Australian player, prepares to deliver a powerful backhand shot



Mrs. M. Muller, of South Africa, winner of the women's singles, during her match against the other finalist, Mrs. Summers



Mrs. S. P. Summers, of South Africa, in her singles final against Mrs. Muller, to whom she lost 9-7, 6-4



E. Fannini, of South Africa, playing in the men's singles final, against E. W. Sturgess, of South Africa, who beat him 6-4, 9-7

### At Full Stretch in the Hurlingham Hard-Court Tennis Tournament Finals





Capt. Oliver Lyttelton, M.P. (St. James's Club), putting near the magnificent old cherry-tree at the fourteenth green during the Inter-Club competition for the Bath Club Cup. The Cup was won again by the holders, the Conservative Club

## "Under the Blossom . . ."—Spring Golf in Surrey

Lords and Commons in Two Competitions

### Scoreboard



**B**EING clairvoyant, I can tell you that Cheesah II. will win the Derby. It will romp home at 1000 to 1, ridden alternately by Flanagan and Allen. I shall have my last £10,000 on it. The bookie, Mr. Malcolm MacPherson Douglas, will prove to be a common welsher. I shall

chase him three times round the course, before running him aground and collecting my ten million.

I shall then be kissed on both cheeks by England's old racegoer, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, who will be wearing a green top-hat and heliotrope spats. In the evening I shall be entertained to dinner by the Union of the Amalgamated and Co-operative Turf Accountants, and shall become the first Edinburgh-born man to receive the Freedom of Tattersalls. For the benefit of interviewers from the Press, I shall continue to live exactly as before, collecting stamps and being the first on the door-mat at opening-time. S'long, folks; the pleasure is mine.

**T**HE rumour that Mrs. Braddock and Mr. Quintin Hogg are to pair up in the Mixed Doubles at Wimbledon next month has met with a quasi-official denial. A spokesman who is in touch with neither party states that Mrs. Braddock has lost her tennis-bat. "I do not feel justified," she is reported as saying, "in purchasing another one while women are standing for four hours in fish-queues. Democracy comes first."

**M**R. J. C. MASTERMAN, Provost of Worcester, must be the most accomplished all-round games-player ever to have been head of an Oxford College. As an undergraduate, also at Worcester, he won a Blue for high jumping. Returning as a History Don at Christ Church, he played lawn tennis and hockey for England, and

was awarded a "Harlequin" at cricket, the Club whose cap, when perched on D. R. Jardine's head, so excited the spectators in Australia.

One of Masterman's partners at tennis was that brilliant mathematician, Professor Lindemann, who later became Lord Cherwell. Among other heads of Oxford colleges, the Principal of Brasenose is probably the only one who uses his putter for playing approach shots of anything up to 150 yards.

**S**ARTORIUS, the Bosnian chess master, has had trouble with his device by which pieces, when in danger, show a red light. During a stiff match the other day, the light suddenly appeared on his king, king's bishop and king's rook. At once concentrating on these, he lost his queen, queen's knight, queen's rook and three wandering pawns. When interviewed concerning this imbroglio, he said, "The Albert Memorial wasn't run up in a night."

**O**FTEN, when I have nothing else to do, I wonder whether I am an amateur or a professional, or whether I am not both at once. At Rugby, I suppose I am a pro., as I once practised drop-kicking with a man who afterwards proved to have been a member of the Rugby League. At golf, playing years ago at La Moye, in Jersey, I took money as a second prize in a competition for which there were three entrants.

At cricket, there is no supposing about it. I know I am a pro., because for seven weeks I received a salary for coaching at a school near Dublin. What fun we had. I lodged with the music master, who, as I played *The Merry Peasant*, criticised the way I kept the loud pedal down and swayed from the hips. He had taught the boy John McCormack how to sing, years before, in Sligo.

Yes, without doubt I am a professional. But I still have my initials in front of my name. As under.

*R.C. Robertson Glasgow.*



Viscount Bruce, ex-Prime Minister of Australia, Viscountess Bruce and Lord Saltoun at the Parliamentary Golf Handicap, Walton Heath



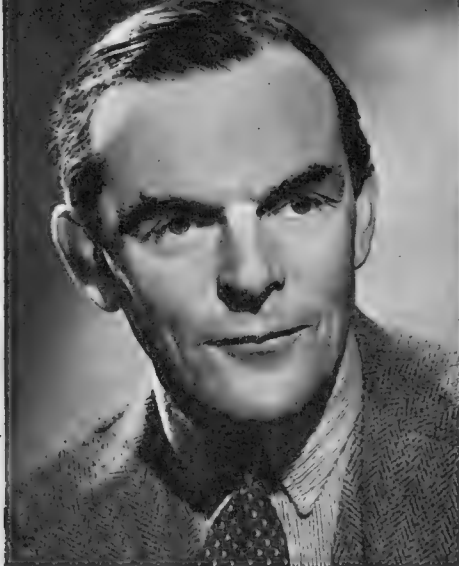
Viscount Simon, who lost to Sir G. Royle in the second round, with Sir Arnold Gridley, M.P. for Stockport, the electrical engineer and director



Lord Brabazon of Tara and Lord Aberdare on the first tee before their match in the second round, which was won by Lord Brabazon



Brig. A. R. W. Low, M.P. for North Blackpool (facing camera), with Mrs. Low and Sir Peter Macdonald, M.P. for the Isle of Wight



Walter Bird

Mr. W. A. R. Collins is the forty-six-year-old chairman of the publishing house of William Collins, Sons and Co. Ltd. Ever since the firm was founded in 1819 there has been a William Collins at its head. Mr. Collins has four children, two boys and two girls, and the elder son is, according to custom, named William

# BOOKS

REVIEWED BY

ELIZABETH BOWEN

"Ciano's Diary: 1939-1945"

"The Rock Pool"



Lady Cochrane is the novelist-wife of Sir Ernest Cecil Cochrane, Bt., whom she married in 1933, and writes under the name of Flora Sandstrom. Her last published novel, "The Milk White Unicorn," is being filmed. Sir Ernest, who is the second Baronet, succeeded his father in 1904

"CIANO'S DIARY: 1939-1945" (Heinemann; £1 1s.) has been edited and has an Introduction by Malcolm Muggeridge; the Foreword is written by Sumner Welles, who can vouch for the authenticity of the document. Extracts from it were shown to Mr. Welles by Count Ciano during the former's visit to Europe early in 1940. The manuscript was smuggled into Switzerland, on her person, by Countess Ciano, née Edda Mussolini, when she escaped to that country after her husband's arrest. It had been Ciano's intention, had he lived, to work up these day-to-day jottings into a fuller book: we, and posterity, must be thankful that he did not realise this project. For here, as things have turned out, the Diary stands—in its amoral naïvety and its damningness, in its freshness (in so far as freshness be possible in corrupt air).

Had Ciano, remarks Mr. Muggeridge, been cleverer, his Diary would have been less revealing; had he been better, his Diary would have been worse. As a self-portrait it is, however inadvertently, excellent—there are oblique flashes of personality; though the entries are, in intention, objective and devoted to official affairs. It is useful, none the less, to have Roosevelt's envoy's impressions of Italy's (then) Minister of Foreign Affairs. "In his Diary Count Ciano shows himself to be precisely what he was in life—the amoral product of a wholly decadent period in Italian, and, for that matter, in European history. To him morality in international relations did not exist. He was wholly seized of the concept that only might makes right. . . . Count Ciano was the creature of his times, and the times in which he had his being are the least admirable mankind has known for many centuries."

So much for the moral summing-up: the exterior description is less displeasing:

Of medium stature, well set-up, with aquiline features, he possessed both dignity and personal charm. In intimate conversation or at informal gatherings there was not the faintest trace of the pompous and self-conscious Fascist dignitary who appeared in public, and who so sedulously aped the mannerisms of the Duce himself. As a companion he was frank, often surprisingly outspoken, and possessed of a keen wit and of a mordant sense of humour. He spoke well and fluently and with no inconsiderable knowledge of modern history. He was keen in his perceptions of the relative significance of men and of events.

The shrewdness of which this observer speaks comes out, with devastating effect, in Ciano's continuous portrait of the Duce: there is no doubt that he had got his master taped. If for no other reason, the Diary would have this claim to immortal value—it debunks the Dictator with a thoroughness nothing can undo.

Who knows, in the future, what twists and

turns a perverted romanticism may take; what efforts there may yet be, decades or centuries hence, to reinstate, at any rate dramatically, the murderers of peace in our time? It is satisfactory to know that, confronted by the evidence of this Diary (which will never, I trust, be allowed to go out of print), the most resourceful dramatist or novelist will be impotent: as a bidder for the role of Shakespearean villain, Mussolini, thanks to the activities of his son-in-law, confidant and accomplice, is finished, out. If Ciano (with an increasing unwillingness which appears) played valet to the Duce, tactfully grooming him for his public appearances and endlessly manipulating his *amour propre*, he was the valet for whom there was no hero. Mussolini's pettiness, pettishness, self-delusions, sentimentalities, little-man thin-skinnedness, vengefulness and unrealism are, here, for ever on record.

Had Ciano himself been of a finer mould, a certain amount of this might have passed him by: nobler people incline to the nobler view;



Fayer

Mr. Hamish Hamilton, the publisher, with his wife, formerly Countess Yvonne Pallavicino, and their six-year-old son Alastair. Mr. Hamilton was formerly well known as an athlete, and was stroke of the British Eight at the Olympic Games at Amsterdam in 1928

Mussolini's power to pass himself off with his superiors must be remembered. As it was, Ciano missed nothing. That what he saw (behind the mask which used to dominate Italy and even imposed itself on the outside world) inspired him with any kind of repugnance one cannot, unfortunately, say. There was all this to be coped with, and cope he did—it was all in the day's work. But it should be said that, for all his insensitivity, Ciano was neither a light man nor a fool: he was not unaware that he was handling dynamite.

There is a gap in the Diary between February 8th, 1943, and December 23rd of that year, on which date Ciano, having successfully concealed the manuscript from the Nazis and knowing it to be now bound for Switzerland with his wife, added the final entry in the Verona prison cell. His execution was to follow shortly: he writes in the mood of a man facing death, starkly truthful, only desiring, now one posthumous benefit—that of a no unjust verdict from posterity.

This last entry is striking: none the less, it contains one error, of which even now Ciano, apparently, could not purge himself. "The Italian tragedy," he writes, "in my opinion had its beginning in August 1939, when, having gone to Salzburg on my own initiative, I suddenly found myself face to face with the cynical German determination to provoke the conflict." Actually, surely, Italy had been headed for disaster long before then: the Fascists had sold themselves out to the Hitler gang to further their own policy of aggrandisement. Even in the scope of this Diary we have the Albanian affair, of which Ciano writes with so much complacency—that rape of a little country could not have been carried out without Nazi approval and Nazi backing. In the years before 1939 there had been gangster acts no less discreditable, and for whose impunity there was the same cause. The Fascists' debts to the Nazis had mounted and mounted up: who could doubt that they would be called in? The "Pact of Steel" had been a reality long before it was named, and its jaws were to close on Italy like a trap's.

MUSSOLINI knew of the existence of [this] Diary: whether his enquiries after its good progress were paternal or suspicious one cannot say. One may opine that he never saw its contents. Here are a few of the extracts which caught my eye: January 8th, 1939 (at the prosperous period): "Every possibility of dissolution and breakdown of other peoples should be encouraged and assisted by us at the proper moment." . . . January 11th, 1939: "Speaking of France, the Duce was quite offended by an article in *Europe Nouvelle* which made unpleasant remarks about his private life. He said: 'These will be the first



to fall. Certain offences are punished with cannon and bombs."

February 14th, 1939: "The Duce said that with regard to Albania we must await two events: the settling of the Spanish affair and the alliance with Germany. In the meantime, we must spread the most varied rumours; like the octopus we must darken the waters." . . . February 25th, 1939 (during a visit to Poland): "The Poles are more interested in our art than our way of living. . . . They know our monuments better than our history. Basically, they do not consider us as we like to be considered. Too many painters, sculptors and architects have represented Italy in the past. . . . We must work hard to correct the bad name the last few centuries have given us." . . . April 9th, 1939: "The Yugoslavs behave in such a friendly way because of their boundless fear. The same may be said of the Greeks." . . . June 3rd, 1939: "The Duce said: 'I am like a cat, cautious and prudent, but when I jump I am sure of landing where I wish. I am now considering whether we ought to finish the House of Savoy.'"

AUGUST 13th, 1939: "I return to Rome completely disgusted with the Germans, with their leader, with their way of doing things. They have betrayed us and lied to us. Now they are dragging us into an adventure which we do not want." . . . August 15th, 1939: "We conclude it is better to make a verbal communication, since if it were written it might induce Germany to ask for a clarification about our eventual position in case of war. This is the last thing that I desire." . . . December 31st, 1939: "The war at the side of Germany must not be undertaken and never will be undertaken. It would be a crime and the height of folly." . . . April 11th, 1940: "Mussolini said: 'It is humiliating to remain with our hands folded while others write history. It matters little who wins. To make a people great is necessary to send them to battle, even if you have to kick them out of the pants.'"

July 16th, 1940: "Hitler has sent a long letter to the Duce. It announces the attack against England as something decided upon, but declines in a definite and courteous way the offer to send an Italian expeditionary force." . . . August 20th, 1940: "A speech by Churchill. For the first time in a year I read an English speech which is definite and forward-looking. One can feel that behind the façade of beautiful words and strong affirmations there is a will and a faith." . . . December 4th, 1940: "I would rather put a bullet through my head than telephone to Ribbentrop. Is it possible that we are defeated?" . . . February 2nd, 1942: "Luncheon with Goering at Cavallero's. As usual he is bloated and over-bearing. . . . I only regret the servility of our leading soldiers towards him."

April 29th, 1942: "Hitler talks, talks, talks. Mussolini suffers—he, who is in the habit of talking himself, and who, instead, has to remain practically silent. On the second day, after lunch, when everything had been said, Hitler talked uninterruptedly for an hour and forty minutes. He omitted absolutely no argument: war and peace, religion and philosophy, art and history. Mussolini automatically looked at his wrist-watch, I had my mind on my own affairs, and only Cavallero, who is a phenomenon of servility, pretended he was listening in ecstasy. . . . General Jodl, after

## BOWEN ON BOOKS

an epic struggle, finally went to sleep on the divan. Keitel was yawning, but he succeeded in keeping his head up. . . .

YES, here is an inside view of the gangster world. On the subject of the Germans—and most of all his opposite number Von Ribbentrop—Ciano permits himself an infinite malice all through. One's feeling for the ridiculous cannot but, however, be merged in horror: smoke and blood is the curtain that falls on the end of the drama—all those grimacing actors are ignominiously dead. . . . For us to-day, and for the historian of the future, the value of this inside story is inestimable. *Ciano's Diary* must undoubtedly be one of the most important documents of our time. I cannot imagine that anyone in their senses will want to miss it.

THE republication of Cyril Connolly's *The Rock Pool*, by Hamish Hamilton (at 8s. 6d.), is another event. This novel, which frightened British publishers of the 'thirties, was first published by the Obelisk Press, Paris, in 1936. That one of the most brilliant books of a generation should be forced to become an expatriate was to be resented—copies did, of course, enter England, and circulated, but not widely enough. In spite of considerable other evidence to the contrary, we may take it that we have become more civilised since then.

In fact perhaps *The Rock Pool* was by some ten years in advance of its time, and we have now caught up with it. Caught up with it, that is to say, psychologically: the accomplishment, precision, sensuous simplicity and melancholy evocativeness of the writing are still surprising—we have not had very much more of that sort of thing so far. This is a short novel, less than commercial length (a second reason, apparently, for the initial mistrust). It creates a world and tells a story in fewer words than one might have imagined possible.

The story is that of a Wykehamist, one Naylor, who finds himself in a small French Riviera town which still has some peculiar inhabitants, non-indigenous. At the denizens of Trou-sur-Mer Naylor pauses to marvel, but he

is to remain to become enthralled. As an artists' and writers' colony the place is officially "dead": Naylor likens it, in its present state, to a rock pool, in which marine creatures have been left behind by the outgoing tide. Toni and Sonia, Rascasse, Duff and Varna, Jimmy and Eddie-from-the-top, Lola and her Corsican, Foster of the kilt, Geraldine and Dickie, "Tahiti" from Cannes, and the creative Ruby are not, however, to be studied from the distance, and with the impunity Naylor had, at the start, to himself proposed. They are to more than affect him; they suck him in. Not so much a revolution as a dissolution occurs inside him; followed, as late autumn rains soak down over Trou-sur-Mer (in which Naylor, immobilised by insolvency, lingers, by now practically alone), by "a February of the soul. . . ." This is a book in which judgments, always implicit, are never on the conventional good-or-bad plane. Not one statement in it is obvious, not one word trite. As far as I am concerned, the effect of re-reading *The Rock Pool* is the wish to put pressure on Mr. Connolly to write another novel. Underground continuity is, of course, to be felt between this book and *The Unquiet Grave*.



Mrs. Van Anrooy with Mr. A. F. Tschiffely, who is so well known for his famous ride on horseback from Buenos Aires to Washington



Mr. John Wyse (right), who runs the Boltons Theatre, and his wife, who is the B.B.C. actress Jonquil Antony



Mr. John Howard, Mr. Hilary Long, who is Marjorie Bowen's son, and Mrs. John Howard



Marjorie Bowen, who has written over 200 novels, and is in private life Mrs. Long, with Rodney Ackland, the playwright. Behind is Cdr. Allan Noble, R.N., M.P. for Chelsea

Marjorie Bowen, the Author,  
Gives a Cocktail-Party

# THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's"  
Review



## Usher — Clark

The wedding took place at Holy Trinity, Brompton, of Mr. G. R. C. Usher, younger son of Sir George Usher, of Tyle Mill, Sulhampstead, and Miss Victoria Clark, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Clark, of Castle Cary, Somerset



## Wright — Weston

Lt. Kenneth Newton Wright, Royal Marines, second son of Capt. and Mrs. K. Wright, of Edinburgh, married Miss Marjorie Weston, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Weston, of Ramsey, at Ramsey Parish Church



## Jackson — Norman

Mr. Reginald Albert Jackson, second son of the late Mr. Thomas Jackson, and of Mrs. A. E. Jackson, of Cambridge, married Miss Joan Marie Norman, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Norman, of London and Bombay, at the Brompton Oratory



## Martin — Page

Mr. Mervyn Harold Acquin Martin, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Martin, of Nether Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, married Miss Annette Mary Page, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Grantham Page, of 104, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.10, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens


## Boyce — Cooke

Mr. Charles H. A. Boyce, M.C., son of Mr. H. V. Boyce, O.B.E., of Cuddesdon, Oxford, married Miss Mary Elizabeth Cooke, daughter of Dr. E. R. C. Cooke, M.C., and of Mrs. Cooke, of Little Milton, Oxford, at All Saints' Church, Cuddesdon

## Baxter — Maude

Mr. Walter Peter Baxter, eldest son of Col. and Mrs. Donald Baxter, of Long Burton House, Sherborne, Dorset, married the Hon. Helen Margaretta Maude, only daughter of Major Viscount Hawarden and Viscountess Hawarden of Adisham, Canterbury, at Adisham Church





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## The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Vanlyk

**Miss Victoria Ponsonby**, youngest daughter of Sir George Ponsonby, K.C.V.O., and Lady Ponsonby, of Marnhull, Dorset, recently became engaged to Capt. Rupert Mahaffy, formerly Irish Guards, son of the late Mr. R. P. Mahaffy, and the Hon. Mrs. Mahaffy, of Chislehurst, Kent.



**Miss Helena Norah Lambton** who is to be married tomorrow to Mr. Evelyn Arthur St. Clair Dawson, only son of Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. H. M. Dawson, of 4 Herbert Crescent, S.W.1. Miss Lambton is the only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lambton, of 32 Argyll Mansions, Chelsea.



**Miss Fiona Charis Elizabeth Miller**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Miller, of Bridge End, Warwick, whose engagement was announced in April to Lt. Peter Fleck, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Fleck, of 15 Buckingham Court, W.11. The marriage will take place in August or early September.



Pearl Freeman

**Miss Georgette de Hart**, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Robert de Hart, and Mrs. Gloria de Hart, of 78 Brook Street, Mayfair, whose engagement was announced this month to Sir John Carden, son of the late Sir John Valentine Carden and of Lady Carden, of Curwarden House, Camberley.



Fayer

**Mr. Adam Maitland and Miss Hope Baillie Fraser-Campbell** whose engagement was announced recently. Miss Fraser-Campbell is the youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. Evan Fraser-Campbell of 31 Queen Anne Street, W.1, and Argyllshire. Mr. Maitland is the only son of the late Lieut.-Col. C. A. S. Maitland, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Maitland, of Dundrennan, Kirkcudbright.



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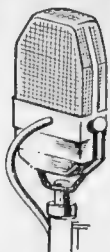


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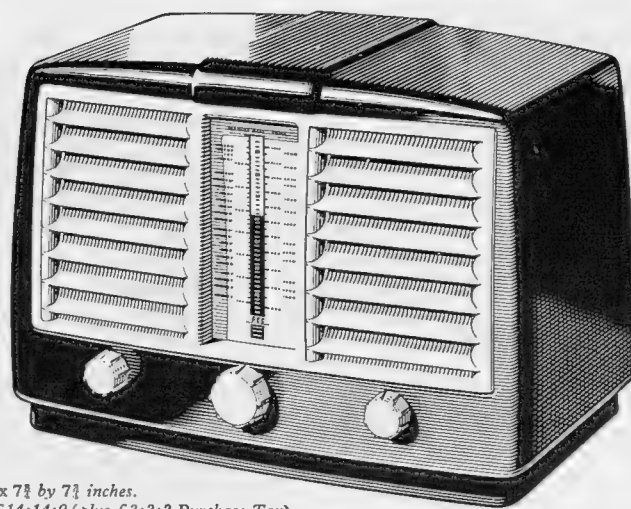
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# Oliver Steward on FLYING

AT this season of the year it is useful to note a sequence which is characteristic of accelerated travel. It begins with a piece of unspoilt country; some fine trees, grass, flowers and shrubs. It continues with the desire of many people to pay frequent visits to this piece of unspoilt country. It goes on with the means whereby they can fulfil their desire—namely, the aeroplane.

An increasing number of people are now able to visit the piece of unspoilt country; and do visit it. Then they find that the trees get in the way when they are landing or taking off; that the wheels of their aeroplanes sink in the turf when it is wet; that clearing shrubs and levelling and concreting will make the operation of light aeroplanes safer.

And so, by the time they have finished facilitating their visits to the piece of unspoilt country, it is no longer unspoilt. I have seen this happen to so many places. It is one of the things against which the organizers of flying clubs should be continuously on their guard. Too many pilots want their landing places to be unrelieved slabs of concrete of infinite area.

## Communal Aeroplane

IT was a commendable effort on the part of the Women's Junior Air Corps to buy their own aeroplane, a Fairchild. I am told by one of the officials that the cost has been raised entirely by members of the Women's Junior Air Corps and their Council. The machine is to be flown round the country, giving first flights to members of the Corps.

But the flying training of those girls who have won scholarships will continue to be given by the local flying clubs.

The trouble now will be to make the new aircraft earn its keep. I rather doubt if touring the country giving first flights will do that. Yet organizations of this kind can only be expected to buy their own

aeroplanes if they can, in the long run, find a hard, practical use for them.

## Climb Down

IN the discussions that have been going on about the figures for German losses during the Battle of Britain, a distinction should be made between the reports of the pilots who won the battle, and the official public statements. It must be confessed that the errors in the official statements were lamentable.

They make the scorn with which we used to treat German propaganda sound singularly hollow. But they had nothing to do with the fighting pilots. As Lord Dowding put it in his dispatch, the conditions of aerial battle are such that accuracy about losses is unattainable. Had our official statements during the war been framed with like caution we should not now be in the position of having to climb down—and to climb down such a long way.

Instead, however, the Air Ministry insisted that the methods of checking precluded any serious errors. I feel somewhat bitter about it, because I was broadcasting on the air war regularly several times a week at the period and I honestly believed that the Air Ministry had devised the means for ascertaining that our claims for German losses were correct.

Every time I expressed doubt, official assurances were given me and I accepted them. It makes no difference to the result, for the Battle of Britain was won; but it must, I fear, make a difference to the credence which will be accorded to British Government statements by foreign countries in the future.

## Too Few Light Aeroplanes

THERE are broadly two ways of trying to produce a good light aeroplane; statistical and theoretical. One can either build a great many, allowing a great many designers to try their pet ideas and then permit a process of natural selection to take place, putting



**Squadron Leader Richard Holbrook Fry, D.F.C.,** who was married recently to **Miss Marjorie Pratt**, younger daughter of the late Mr. Henry Pratt, of Chesford Grange, Kenilworth, Warwickshire, and of Mrs. Pratt, of Stokenham Vicarage, Kingsbridge, Devon. Squadron Leader Fry is the younger son of Mr. W. G. Fry, of Sale, Cheshire, and of the late Mrs. Fry. The wedding took place at Stokenham Church, Kingsbridge

some companies out of business and making others prosperous. Alternatively one can study the supposed needs of the private and personal flyer in a million documents, and one can produce a single design for the perfect light aeroplane and force all manufacturers to build that and that alone.

Nature's way is statistical and I have not yet seen anything to suggest that the other method is any better. In fact I would feel much happier today if I saw a great many firms making new light aeroplanes. For although many would fail, we might arrive at a light aeroplane or two of real merit.

But nowadays manufacturers, not without reason, fight shy of creating anything not approved by one of the Ministries. The risks are too great and the possible profits too restricted.

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He says the noblest line of all;  
For while he makes a graceful bow  
He whispers . . . "GIN and VOTRIX now."

P.D.A.M.

## VOTRIX VERMOUTH

SWEET **9/3** OR DRY

*The finest car of its class in the world . . .*

The presence and performance of the Jaguar are alike distinguished and have earned universal approval. Each of the Saloon Models offered on 1½, 2½ and 3½ litre chassis is a full 5 seater car, luxuriously appointed and incorporating many modern refinements.

Compton Wynniates, stately Warwicks mansion.

# Jaguar

...WHITBREAD HORSES...



From an engraving by W. Ward after the picture by G. Garrard 1792.

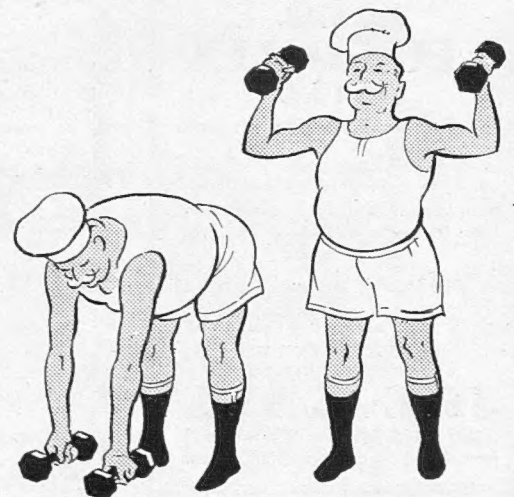
THE HOUSE OF WHITBREAD famous as brewers for 2 centuries are well-known for their fine horses. On May 6th 1823, the diarist, Mr. Thomas Creevey, M.P., wrote :—

"I really had a most agreeable dinner at Sam Whitbread's brewery on Saturday . . . The entertainment of the day to me was going over the brewery after dinner by gaslight. A stable, brilliantly illuminated, containing ninety horses . . . is a sight to be seen nowhere but in this 'tight' little island! The beauty and amiability of the horses were quite affecting."

Estd. 1742

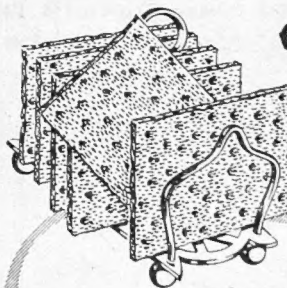
## WHITBREAD

*Brewers of Ale and Stout*



MR. PEEK: After this, our breakfast treat!

MR. FREAN: A toast-rack full of Vita-Weat!



PEEK FREAN'S

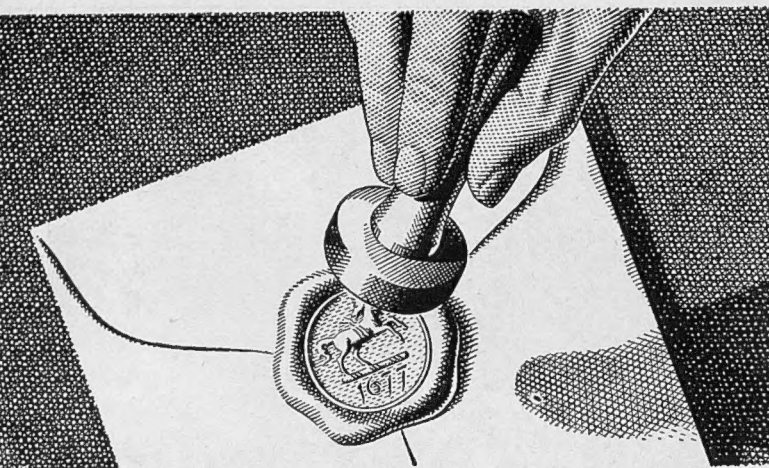
# Vita-Weat

REGD.



By Appointment  
Peek Frean & Co. Ltd.,  
Biscuit & Vita-Weat  
Crispbread Manufacturers

THE CRISPBREAD THAT IS ALL WHEAT



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A traditional feature of the relationship between Banker and customer is the confidence that each reposes in the other. The privileged information available to a Banker in a customer's account is always regarded as "Strictly confidential" and is never divulged to unauthorised persons. On the other hand if you need confidential advice on business matters you will find the Manager of any branch of Lloyds Bank ready to place his experience and specialised knowledge at your disposal.

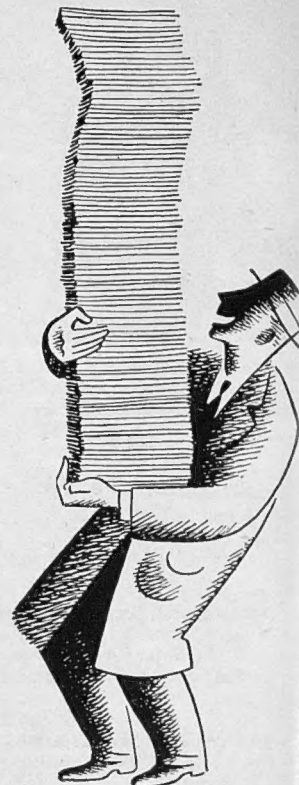
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LOOK AFTER **YOUR** INTERESTS



You can  
hold 1,000

**10/-**

NATIONAL SAVINGS  
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You can buy these 10/- Certificates in single documents representing 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 25, 50 or 100 units. You can hold up to 1,000 of these new Certificates *in addition* to any you already hold of previous issues.

Issued by the National Savings Committee.

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Every comfort and amenity to make your stay enjoyable; only 60 miles from London, the Hotel immediately faces the sea and is within 25 yards of the beach

"The Hotel of the South Coast"  
Hastings 3300 (5 lines)

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**JOE KAYE**  
and his ORCHESTRA  
from the Ritz and Savoy Hotels, London

*Fashion demands*

**Coleman**

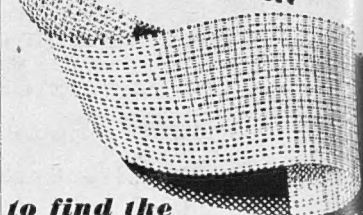
CLOTHS

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*At the leading stores*

Alfred Coleman (Textiles) Ltd. (Wholesale only), 32 Savile Row, W.1

*Why it's difficult*



*to find the*  
**real AERTEX**

... simply because the complicated twist of cotton yarn that makes the real Aertex cellular fabric involves too many relaxations from the present restrictions. The moment these are revised, we shall make Aertex as freely available as you would wish.

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P2



*There are Swans once  
again! Oh what joy  
and delight for those  
who love smoothness  
and flow as they write.*

Side lever and leverless from 21/- to 50/-, purchase tax extra  
Showroom & Service Depot: 110 New Bond Street, London W.1  
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Phillips' Texture and Cleansing Creams containing  
★ 'Milk of Magnesia' refine and beautify the skin . . .  
Limited supplies are available.



**PHILLIPS' Magnesia CREAMS**

★ 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia



**EXPERIENCE  
COUNTS!**

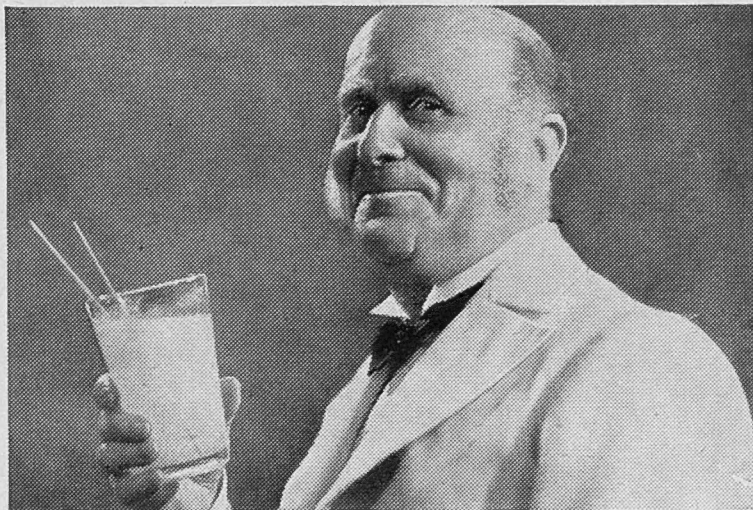
**THAT IS WHY YOU  
CAN RELY ON**

*Barr's of  
Carlisle*  
*Manufacturers of Biscuits*

ESTABLISHED 1831

**STILL THE LEADERS  
FOR QUALITY**

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**As the saying goes,**

says OLD HETHERS

it's just what the doctor ordered. Now you, madam, drink my barley water because you like it and find it refreshing, but you'd be surprised at the number of people who drink it because their doctors advised them to. Funny, isn't it, that such a pleasant drink should be medicinal? . . . Well, if you make it from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley it takes next to no time, just like brewing a pot of tea. Of course, when the bottled kind comes back, I'll let Robinson's do the work.

*Barley Water from*  
**ROBINSON'S**  
**'PATENT' BARLEY**

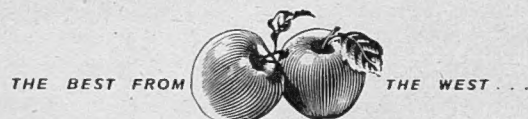
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Burlingtons are the perfect alternative  
to imported Havanas.

Guaranteed made and rolled from the finest  
imported Havana and other world famous  
cigar leaf.



**BURLINGTON CIGARS, 173, NEW BOND STREET, W. 1**



**SYMONS'**  
DEVON  
**CYDER**  
*The WISE Habit!*

APPLE MILLS · TOTNES · DEVON & AT LONDON

Dear Sir . . .

Dear Madam . . .  
or Dear Friend?

YOU can be a friend  
to our large family  
of 5,500 children

WE NEED A MILLION EXTRA  
SHILLINGS TO MAINTAIN AND  
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CHILDREN



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THE HEALTH EXPRESS  
FROM DEVONSHIRE



**16**  
PER SCREW  
QT. FLAGON  
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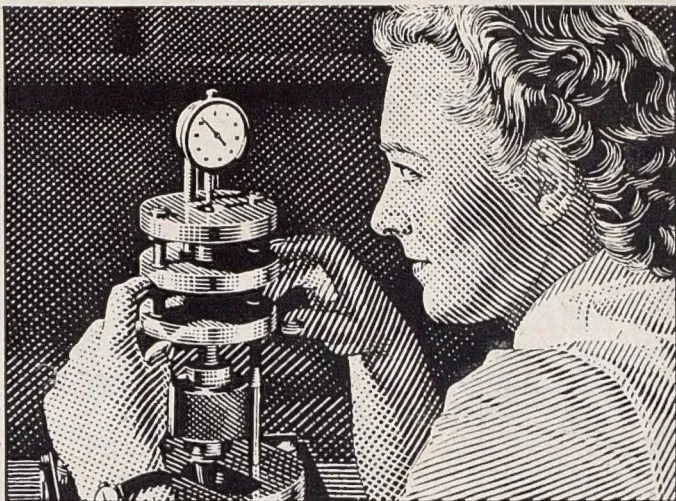


MEDIUM-SWEET  
OR DRY

Down in the heart of 'Glorious Devon'—in the pathway of the sun—the Whiteways have been growing apples and making cyder for over 300 years.

CVS-94

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Another example of the meticulous care in manufacture which is the secret of Henley's rapidly rising reputation for reliability.

Another reason why Old Henty says

# "HENLEY"

—now that's a good tyre"



HENLEY'S TYRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, LIMITED,  
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A welcome treat for  
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NO ADDED  
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*Quality Cleaning and Dyeing  
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